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Walther League

JULY 1946

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

- Heaven and Earth
- Wilson's Ideals—and Versailles
  by Arnold Guebert
- A Public Sale
  by W. G. Polack
- The Burning of the Books

VOL. IX NO. 8

THIRTY CENTS

THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Economic Chaos

WITHIN less than a year after the war's end, economic chaos has gripped our country. Production of new and urgently needed materials has been drastically curtailed, the government of the United States has been defied by an arrogant minority, and the national economy is headed down the primrose path of inflation.

Mr. Truman has been roundly critized by both radicals and conservatives for the drastic strike-control measures which he proposed to Congress, and which have since been emasculated by the Senate. We agree that the administration proposals were hastily and badly conceived, and that they carried dangerous implications for our democratic way of life. Yet we feel that Mr. Truman should not be made to bear the full onus of responsibility and blame. He is reaping the whirlwind because his predecessor sowed the wind. Ever since 1933 the national administration has pursued a consistent policy of appeasement toward the large and politically powerful unions, without whose support there could have been no third or fourth terms. The Wagner Act has bred many evils through its open discrimination against management. It was inevitable that the union barons should at last overplay their hand and pursue a policy so excessive as to estrange the American public, which heretofore had been sympathetic or at least tolerant toward their cause.

Meanwhile, the Case Bill, a con-

structive measure in the direction of more equitable management-labor relationships, and decisively approved by the House, was stopped for weeks in the Senate by such extremists as Senators Pepper, Taylor, and Murray, while the crisis mounted and irreparable damage was done. Under the pressure of events, the bill was finally passed and sent to the President, who vetoed it—obviously in a bid to recapture the unions' favor.

Nevertheless, it should yet be made crystal clear that no single group is more important than the nation as a whole, and that the interests of *all* the people must be given prior consideration over the special privileges of either management or labor—even if this *is* an election year.

The Burning of the Books

ONE evening back in the mid-thirties, when the Nazis were in their heyday, we tuned in on our radio to hear a noted commentator exclaim, in horror-stricken tones, "They are burning the books!" This single act of bigotry and repression symbolized perhaps more clearly than anything else the inherent evil of the Nazi system. The entire civilized world was filled with indignation and revulsion at this sinister force that was arising to cast its shadow over Europe and beyond; this new and hideous Leviathan that—oh, the shame of it!—was burning the books.

Well, it *was* shameful, and it *was* evil. It did reveal the innate wickedness of the Nazi ideology. With good reason were enlightened men everywhere moved to horror and loathing.

Now it is 1946, and the bonfires are blazing again. But who is burning the books this time? Not the Nazis, or the Fascists, or the Reds—but the Americans. Those very Americans who waged history's greatest war against the Nazi evil. Those very Americans who sent hundreds of thousands of their sons to suffer and die that the brutal power that burned the books might perish from the earth. Now we are committing the same deed that we denounced and fought against. Surely, all of our military history discloses no more arrant stupidity, no more criminal folly.

The way to extirpate militarism and Nazism in the land of our former enemies is not to burn every book and destroy every monument that might bear some slight allusion to these subjects, for where, indeed, is the line to be drawn? The way to extirpate these evils is to undertake positive, constructive, intelligent measures for the implantation of

democratic ideals and to demonstrate that liberty and peace are better—in fact as well as in theory—than regimentation and war.

If the great principles of freedom and democracy are not strong enough and true enough on their own merits to convince the hearts of men, if they do not have the inherent strength to stand up against and defeat the forces of evil, then their cause will not be aided by the burning of the books.

We are reminded of the vigorous words of Milton in his *Areopagitica:*

> Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties. . . . And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple, who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

Stopping the Red Tide

THE French elections, followed by those in Italy, have shown a significant trend toward the right and away from the influence of communism in those countries. The rejection of the proposed French constitution, which would have paved the way for a Communist dictatorship in France, was a straw in the political wind, and set the stage for the victory of the moderate M.R.P. party in the voting of June 2. While the Communists have by no means been routed, they have been forced to yield their position of dominance in the government to the pro-Catholic centrist party. Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader who—like our American breed of Communists—violently opposed the war until Russia was attacked by Germany and who obviously owes his prime allegiance to Moscow, has been thwarted in his efforts to bring France completely into the Soviet orbit. The Russian "Drang nach Westen" has thus been stopped by the determined stand of the French people, who were not ready to sacrifice their traditional and blood-bought liberty on the altar of economic and political expediency.

In Italy, too, where the electorate rejected the monarchy, the Communists failed to gain control. It is significant, indeed, that in every country where free elections have been held—with the single exception of Czechoslovakia—Communists have been defeated. The long-suffering people of Europe, who resisted the tyranny of Hitler at such a staggering cost, are not willing to bow to the equally cruel and repressive tyranny of Stalin.

The Suburbanite

THE Suburban Mind must constantly be on guard against the temptation toward escapism, according to Carl von Rhode, in an article with that title in the April issue of *Harper's Magazine*. Earning his living in one place and having his home ten to fifty miles away is a powerful threat to a man's social integrity.

Although positive urges, the desire for fresh air, land, and trees, have their part in determining people to seek a home in the suburb, the negative desire for seclusion often comes to the fore, with the result that newcomers are resented and "undesirables"—including various racial groups—are by various ruses kept out. Zoning laws insure economic uniformity. "All of this adds up to the social conservatism which inevitably develops when a fortunate class becomes at once geographically isolated and economically secure." Sympathies narrow and even information about other groups soon lapses.

The suburban man becomes, furthermore, "a contemporary victim of taxation without representation," since he may not vote in the community where his business interests are taxed. On the other hand, returning home at night to the suburb where he may vote, he finds that since his business life is led elsewhere, he has few interests there. The result, von Rhode points out, is that "the edge of the business man's sense of social duty is dulled."

Since it is obvious that the trend toward life in the suburb is still strong it is to be hoped that the suburbanite will resist the desire to escape from the struggle and will "rouse himself from his lethargy to play his full role in the development of the stimulating, labyrinthian culture of cities."

Smellivision

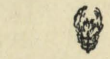
WOULD you like to sample perfumes by way of the ether waves? Would you enjoy getting a whiff of the henhouse on Grandma's south forty to relieve a severe attack of homesickness—even though you were hundreds of miles away? Would it be helpful to you if at least some of the unpleasant smells of an atrocious musical program could be wafted into your nostrils in addition to the nerve-racking sounds that assail your ears? Would you have a good time if you could see a troupe of elephants performing on your television screen and, at the same time, let your nose take part in the entertainment? Would you want to smell a Virginia ham or any brand of food, fresh or canned, before purchasing those viands sight unseen and smell unsmelled? Are you glad to learn

that soon you will be able to hear, see, and *smell* commencement addresses, fireside chats, soap operas, mystery thrillers, political speeches, concerts, commercials, and almost anything your heart may desire?

Don't reach for brickbats! And don't imagine for a single second that the questions you have just read emit a most disagreeable odor! Perhaps you haven't heard that a Swiss electrical engineer named Hans Laube has recently invented a device which, for want of a more scientific term, is called "smellivision." It enables you to see, hear, and smell at one and the same time. Naturally, that part of the instrument which makes it possible for you to hear is old stuff, and the gadgets which enable you to see have long since emerged from their hiding place around the corner; but the miracle-working equipment which wafts odors of all kinds and vintages into your nose—ah, that is something new!

An electronic device synchronized with the image on the screen and, so the story goes, with musicians or speakers does the trick. To get the smell—or smells—you need do no more than press a little button. If the odor happens to be unpleasant, you may shut it off instantaneously. The smell never lingers—except in the mind. In other words, it will never be necessary for you to open the windows or to use an antismell compound of any kind to clear the air. Just press the button. If, on the other hand, the odor is pleasing to your olfactory nerves, you may enjoy it as long as the program lasts.

No, "smellivision" isn't just around the corner. It's here.



Our Shrinking Country

THE O. P. A.'s fight for its life, the Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris, the world food crisis—all have drawn the spotlight from a comparatively under-publicized event of recent weeks. This was the announcement of a transcontinental rail service now being conducted by several of our leading railways.

The happening is not too important in itself although the traveling public is glad that sleepers may be occupied during the stop in Chicago and that no more hurrying from depot to depot will be necessary. That which the change signifies is the eventful thing.

First, what required that the plans be put into effect? The answer is competition. The railways have realized that they must give the public what it wants. If they do not, some other medium will —in fact, probably will anyway. Without doubt, the railroads see

in the near future the biggest boom in transportation in the history of civilization. They are merely getting the jump on the others. This is the real significance of the new policy. It is a prophecy. It is a hint that soon America will have the most gigantic, most modern transportation system in the world, a system which will take us anywhere, anytime, for any price we want to pay, in the air or on the water, on concrete or on steel.

The fact that we can now travel from New York to California without so much as sticking our heads out of the Pullman window is merely the first step in making a Rhode Island out of these United States.

Christian Worship in the Jungle

OUR chaplains in the armed services have brought many instances to the attention of our people on the fruits of Christian missions in the far-off South Sea Islands. If all these could be collected they would make a good-sized book. Here is one that came to the writer directly from a chaplain who entered New Guinea while the Japanese were being driven out. The natives, men and women, who had suffered much at the hands of the invaders, were being provided for by our men. One morning as this chaplain passed by a group of native women, he was accosted by a mother who had an infant in her arms. She pointed excitedly to the cross on the chaplain's sleeve, and then to her baby. When an interpreter was brought to the spot, the chaplain heard the woman's request. She was pleading that he might baptize her baby. By the time arrangements were made to do so, five other mothers came forward and also presented their babies for that sacred rite.

The May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* carries the touching story of the work of an Australian missionary in the Solomons who remained with his native congregation in spite of the Japanese invasion. When a group of our men took refuge on this island after the torpedoing of their ship, they found themselves in the safe hands of the native Christians. Robert C. Gordon, who tells the story, gives the following gripping account of a church service held by "Bish" Silvester, the missionary: "The 'Bish' stood under the lean-to, and we all sat around him. He gave us all a friendly smile as we gathered, much like any parson surveying his Sunday morning congregation before beginning the service. He then pulled out a good-sized Bible from his pocket and began to read. The words were familiar.

" 'O give thanks unto the Lord;

for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.' Then he translated the text into the Vella Lavella tongue for the benefit of the natives, who were sitting together on a near-by log, looking very much like a choir.

"There was a prayer. The 'Bish' expressed his gratitude that he had such an opportunity to serve us. He prayed for victory and peace. His manner was that of an old servant talking to his master, and the roughest of us were moved by the tremendous sincerity of this man. Then came the hymn, 'Stand Up for Jesus.'

"The 'Bish' bravely led off in a high, nasal voice, and we followed along. But our singing was a faltering whisper beside that of the natives. Sometime in the past he had taught them to sing parts, and the unfailing musicianship of the black man had made them respond like robust angels. There was a mixture of tongues. Some of the natives, who had forgotten the words, sang in no tongue at all, just let the tones flow out like a mighty chorus of brass instruments; others sang along in their own surprisingly musical dialect; the rest sang English words.

" 'Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus! The trumpet call obey!' The strong voices, resounding through the jungle, sounded rich and magnificent.

"The 'Bish's' sermon was beautifully quiet and simple. There was a closing hymn, and once again the leaves vibrated in response to the voices of the black men. I remember in particular one fine-featured old patriarch with a high, noble brow and a stern chin framed by a tremendous white beard. He looked like a Supreme Court justice or a native Jove.

"There remained the benediction. 'The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you.' The afternoon sun sent hazy ribbons of light through the great trees, and there was a mighty hush. 'The Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace,' and it was as if the world had paused in its frenzy to hear this man's softly spoken 'Amen.' "

The Art of Tipping

THE problem of tips is nearer a solution than when this habit first struck the United States from overseas forty years ago. Some of us can remember a time when there was only one tip; that was the coin the Pullman porter received, and it was a quarter. Tipping in restaurants or tipping for service at hotels, tipping the taxi driver and the hat girl, was unheard of. Then came a great un-

organized wave or craze of tipping, sufficient to frighten the ordinary citizen away from restaurants and dining cars. There is still a certain amount of ill-regulated tipping, as when a parlor car passenger orders a whiskey and soda and leaves forty cents on the tray. The average citizen today is following the continental custom of a generation ago, consistently tipping at the rate of ten per cent of the bill for food, taxis and similar service, ten cents a piece for the handling of baggage —we should say, light hand baggage—with the sky the limit for the carrying of baggage of the heavier sort. An unwritten law prescribes tips at the restaurant table and no tips when the meal is taken at the counter. Pullman tips are generally a dollar for every 24 hour day and proportionately for fractions of a day.

A strange quirk in human nature is revealed by the observation that dining room waiters are seldom disappointed in their hope of a large gratuity from a guest who carefully goes over each item on the bill, totals the different columns and pays only when he has convinced himself of the correctness of what the French call the *addition,* or bill. On the other hand the gentleman who grandiosely settles for his meals simply with a glance at the total is usually a poor tipper.

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Heaven and Earth

IT has become the fashion to say that historic Christianity is helpless over against this paradox of appalling poverty and appalling wealth. . . . This defeatism appears in two forms. . . . One side says that the Church must withdraw from the world which has made such a mess of things and tend her hidden altars for those who may come for momentary surcease from fear and hate and blood. . . . The world is bad, it will remain bad, and there is nothing we can do about it. . . . That way lies death. . . .

The other side says that historic Christianity must change. . . . There must be a new gospel for a broken social order. . . . Laws dictated by the Church, political alignments, sharp pronouncements concerning social injustice and economic oppression. . . . That way lies disaster. . . .

As so often in the life of the Church and the individual, the answer lies not before us or behind us—but above us. . . . I remember an old French proverb: "To understand earth you must have known heaven." . . .

The paradox of our modern world can be met only by the paradox of God: A religion of another world is the only workable religion for this world. . . . It is only because men have forgotten heaven (and hell) that they are helpless on earth. . . . We need a few men and women whose feet are on the streets of the city fair and high while they walk the streets of earth. . . . Only those who have straightened out their affairs in eternity can handle the affairs of earth successfully. . . .

No, this is not the naive approach of a sentimental idealist. . . . I have never written anything more seriously and more carefully. . . . The solution for those of the world's problems which God will permit us to solve

lies in speaking heaven, loving heaven, living heaven. . . . What do you think happens to hate and fear and lust and ambition and greed when man remembers heaven? . . . Can they possibly look important? . . . Suddenly—in the lightning of heaven—they are seen as they are—incredibly and stupidly mean, sordid, and small.

It is one of the great functions of the message of heaven to spoil a great many things for us—all the seven standard sins and many more. . . But then it makes marvelous substitutions—truth for lying, love for hate, meekness for pride, humility for power—and life can never be the same again. . . . When men ask on earth only what, by the mercy of God, they will ask in heaven—to love God, to serve Him, to adore Him forever—then we shall know that the highest wisdom is the wisdom of love and the greatest daring is the daring of faith. . . .

All this means Christ. . . . In Him is all that men have ever asked of God. . . . Through Him we know God. . . . He alone crossed and closed the vault between heaven and earth. . . . His Cross has become the everlasting bridge between things as they are and things as God wants them to be. . . . It is time for a few of us to see it. . . . And all of it is in the hymn now almost 800 years old:

O juvamen oppressorum
O solamen miserorum
Pauperum refugium
Da contemptum terrenorum
Ad amorem supernorum
Trahe desiderium!

Consolator et fundator
Habitator et amator
Cordium humilium
Pelle mala, terge sordes
Et discordes fac concordes
Et affer praesidium!

Of course, to all of this men will protest: "Naive sentimentalism"—"utterly unreal"—"an escape psychology"—"the typical approach of a preacher"—"complete failure to come to grips with reality"—"running away from the real problem"—"not aware of the world" . . . "impossible to translate into life." . . . To walk down the Bowery muttering "heaven" is to invite the public psychiatrist. . . . Slightly mad. . . . Just imagine—he thinks that Henry Ford and John L. Lewis could get together if they believed more passionately and constantly in heaven. . . . What about the hard realities of fascism, communism, the class struggle, economic oppression, the slums, the roar of guns, child labor, blood and soil,—all the madness that men call sanity?

Some of these critical responses will even come from Christians. . . . Either they are content to let the world stumble and grope

in its dumb red horror, or they are explicitly ready to acknowledge that the Church has been beaten back from almost all areas of human life and must now use its other-worldliness as a haven of refuge and a retreat from reality. . . . Here lies the heart of the matter. . . . Christianity is an other-worldly religion, but there is no whisper in divine revelation that its other-worldliness should be used as a retreat from this world. . . . That was the tragic weakness of monasticism. . . . It is a function of Christianity to form for the believing heart a bridge between the seen and the unseen, between the temporal and the eternal, between the world of sin and the heaven of redemption. . . . To say that the redeemed soul has nothing to do in this world but to wait for the next is to fly in the face of Him who once said: "Ye are the salt of the earth," and pointed to a beaten outcast as the answer to the question: "Who is my neighbor?" . . .

We are really desperately anxious to set this matter straight. . . . In it lies the solution for the difficulties both in thought and action, with which we are confronted. . . . We know that Christianity is the religion of the forgiveness of sin through faith in the everlasting and final atonement of the Cross. . . . We know that one does not have to believe this in order to be a good member of society. . . . We know that there is no such thing as a Christian social order. . . . But—and it is a heavenly but—the Christian pilgrim, on his way to heaven, lives heaven here. . . . He stands aside from the general conspiracy of hate and greed and power. . . . He protests against it. . . . He lives and loves heaven so passionately that everyone around him must know sooner or later that he is a citizen of a far and better country. . . . This may be idealism, but it is not escape. . . .

Although Christianity is a message of spiritual redemption, and its appeal is always to the individual and the inner life, it never stops in the sanctuary of the soul. . . . It must flow up and over into the open sores of life and bring balm and healing to men and women who have been torn by sin. . . . And when we speak of these we are not thinking primarily of the driftwood and derelicts of the Bowery. . . . They are suspicious of a "pie in the sky" religion—and even though we cannot agree we can understand. . . . No, heaven is to be brought to the real tragedies of the contemporary world, the mighty, the dictators, the beasts of prey in our economic jungle, the hollow pillars of visible Christendom who worship God on Sunday and Mammon from Monday to Saturday. . . .

Can we not listen to our Lord? All values have been transvalued in the light of His redemption and our consequent heavenly citizenship. . . . Throughout His life among men He reserved the cold whiteness of His wrath, not for murder and adultery, but for hypocrisy, for doubledealing, for hardheartedness, for the calculating worldliness of the Pharisee. . . . He saw the twentieth century more clearly than we. . . . In the blessed alchemy of God the avaricious man became only "Thou fool"—and no sophisticated defense of the mad abuses of capitalism can change him back again to a respected member of society. . . . Our Lord never complained that wealth was badly distributed. . . . He merely said that it was valueless. . . . In dealing with all the heartaches and perplexities of man, He constantly attacks the disease and never the symptoms—and the disease is always in the heart of man—and its name is always sin.

This is our task and our privilege. . . . Confronted by a thousand voices that cry failure and death over the broken body of Christ, the answer lies not in changing our theology, but in changing our life. . . . Also for 1946 the last and highest reality is heaven. . . . Centuries ago the Marcionites asked, "Did Jesus bring anything new?" . . . Irenaeus answered: "He brought everything new by bringing Himself." . . . Dimly a few men and women in our world are beginning to see that. . . . Before us as we write lies a recent column by Howard Vincent O'Brien of the Chicago Daily News. He says: "Everywhere I find a growing conviction that the next turn of fortune's wheel will reveal a revival of religion. As one man—experienced and cynical—put it: 'We have nowhere to go but to God.' . . . And another man—also a cynical worlding—said: 'Such phrases annoy me. I resent them. They make me feel that I haven't grown up; that, despite all I've learned, I'm just where I started. I keep hearing those words about having to be like a little child before you can enter the kingdom of heaven, and they make me mad. I'm *not* a little child. I'm a tough old codger. But where has it got me? I seem to have been in the wrong school, and the thought of having to go back to kindergarten annoys me. At the same time I've got a sneaking suspicion that that's just what I've got to do.' There remain millions untouched by any form of organized theology, but it does not necessarily follow that these millions are without faith. On the contrary, I have the impression that they are waifs in a wilderness, their eyes straining for some kindly light to lead

them from their despair. More and more consciously they listen for the Word. Long and hard have they taken thought, but as they look at their shadows on the ground it is plain to them that they have not added a cubit to their stature." . . . That's far from everything—but it is a start. . . .

True Greatness

A TEDIOUS train journey is brightened by a volume of the collected papers and addresses of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the late and great Justice of the Supreme Court. . . . Even though the veil of immediacy still hangs between us and him, we suspect that the future will see him as one of the few truly great of our time. . . . In fact, of all our contemporaries, only Mr. Justice Holmes and Mme. Curie appear to us to possess the qualities of enduring greatness. . . . Listen to the sharp ring of steel in an address by Mr. Holmes to Harvard students years ago: "No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen—to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. . . . To think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtle rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army." . . .

That is intellectual greatness. . . . Spiritual greatness is something else again—and the pity of Mr. Holmes's life was that he did not know it. . . . All of which reminds us of Thomas Hardy's dictum that the history of the future will be written

> Not as the loud have spoken
> But as the mute have thought.

Perhaps it is after all a good thing that we do not recognize true greatness until the years have lifted the veil. . . . It is much better to stone our prophets than to crown them with roses. . . . The roses stifle them. . . . The stones drive them out into the desert to think.

An American institution . . .

A Public Sale

By W. G. POLACK

A YEAR or so ago one of the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post* showed a painting by Norman Rockwell, depicting a public sale in New England. Being city-bred, I was interested in that picture, for I had never been at a public sale. Then, last summer I saw a handbill at our summer post-office in Ray, Indiana, advertising a public sale in our county. I decided to go. However, when I spoke to my wife about it she discouraged me. "It will only be a waste of time," she declared, and having a certain amount of Scotch blood in her veins, she added, "What do you want to buy other people's junk for?" "Oh, well," I returned, "we don't have to buy anything. We can go and observe. I've never been at a sale of this kind before. It might prove to be very interesting."

One of our neighbors, after our service at Clear Lake Chapel the following Sunday, told me more about this public sale. "A young married man has been drafted," he said, "and his wife is going to sell out lock, stock, and barrel." As the sale was to take place only about six miles from our cottage, I thought my automobile could stand the trip. My wife and younger daughter agreed to go along.

So on Friday we had an early lunch—the sale was scheduled to begin at one p.m.—and drove over.

We were a half hour ahead of time, but a fairly large crowd was on hand milling about the grounds. It was a warm, sunny September afternoon and most of the household goods were set out in the yard in front of a rather good-looking farm-house. The barnyard in the rear was filled with wagons, implements, tools, bales of hay, a tractor, sacks of potatoes, chicken brooders and feeders, and the like. One fenced-in section held seven head of cattle, and another, three horses. The men were gathered in the barnyard, standing in groups; some were examining the machinery, others were looking at the

cattle and horses. A few men, a large number of older women, and a sprinkling of young ladies were either looking over the things scattered around on the front lawn or were in the house, examining the rugs, a canned-gas kitchen range, an electric sweeper, a cream separator, and other items.

My own two ladies found some friends in the crowd, so I took advantage of the opportunity to mingle with the people. I was interested in the psychology of the situation. It was quite evident that everyone was in a holiday mood. At the same time, I soon discovered that there was an undercurrent of deep sympathy for the young couple whose goods were on sale. They had been married seven months before. When the husband was called in the draft, they had decided to sell out and to start afresh after the war. Especially as the wife was with child and was in too delicate health otherwise to undertake the management of this farm alone. I heard the usual comment that the draft boards ought to show more discrimination. "So and so is unmarried and yet he has not been called," I heard one matron state, rather warmly. "I don't see why they had to call Al." Another lady chimed in, "They might at least have allowed him to stay until the baby arrived." A third added, "That's the way it is if you don't have a political pull. And you know that Al never paid any attention to the politicians. It just ain't fair!"

Freedom of speech, even in the midst of war, I thought to myself, is a wonderful privilege.

Meanwhile I was keeping my eyes open for the auctioneer, wondering if he would be a big burly hail-fellow-well-met, with a booming voice and a ready wit. I had seen that type in some of the auctions of rare books which I had attended in St. Louis. When I looked at the poster of the sale, I saw that the auctioneer was Carl Binkley. The name seemed vaguely familiar. I had met a man by that name at the Chapel. My impression was that he farmed in the vicinity of Clear Lake. He had struck me as being a very quiet and unassuming young man. He was of middle height, dark haired, and not overly aggressive.

As I wandered slowly through the farm-house, more interested in the people than in the goods to be sold, the pathos of the situation took hold of me also. What a dreadful thing war is; to tear two people apart and to break up what seemed to have been a well-established, happy home. And how many, many times, practically all over the world, had scenes, similar to this one, been enacted again and again! As surely as there is a just God in heaven, there will

be a terrible retribution one day upon all war-makers and warmongers.

Looking at my watch, I noticed that it was time for the auction to begin, so I went out to the front yard and found a shady spot near the auctioneer's stand. My wife and daughter soon joined me there. A moment or so later a stir in the crowd indicated that Mr. Binkley was on hand. It was the Carl Binkley I had met, and I asked myself, How good will he be at his task? I was soon to learn that appearances are deceiving.

For as soon as the auction started I noted that here was a young man who knew what he was about. Later I learned that there is a regular auctioneers' school at Decatur where men and women are trained for this calling. As I was not especially interested in making any purchases, I studied the auctioneer's method. It was evident that there was a definite line of jargon, almost a rigmarole, that he used which was aimed at stirring up the competitive spirit among the people; also to make the indifferent change their mind and to join in the bidding. Perhaps if there had been some books or old magazines among the household effects I would have become more directly interested myself. In fact, as I am always on the look-out for old hymnals, I was disappointed not to find anything that remotely resembled a book anywhere, except a Sears Roebuck catalogue.

But my quiet and unassuming Mr. Binkley was very much on the beam. "All right now, folks! There are lots of bargains here today. Mrs. Smith has employed me to sell everything on the place. So don't hesitate. Give me your cooperation. We'll do good if we finish by sundown, so we have no time to lose. Now, let me see. What shall I take first? Oh, here's something that will interest the sportsmen. A fine rifle and also a box of shells. You know, folks, these things are hard to get during war time. How much am I bid?" And so on, in a steady flow of words. The crowd drew closer to the auctioneer's table. In a droning singsong Mr. Binkley's voice continued, "I've got five dollars—who'll say ten? Yep, folks, this fine rifle is worth much more than that. Gentleman over there says. 'Ten.' I've got ten, who'll make it fifteen? I've got ten, ten once; I've got ten." And so on. Finally the rifle brought fifteen dollars. The crowd was growing, and one thing after the other went on the block, tea kettles, pots, pans, skillets. Some small things were grouped together, although not necessarily because they belonged together. My daughter had spied a small oil lamp which she thought would look good on her dressing table.

When it was offered, several other trinkets were added to it. "What am I offered?" called out the auctioneer. "Ten cents," said I. "I've got ten cents, who'll make it a half dollar?" "Fifty cents," cried a voice next to me. It was my wife, who had been carried away by the wily auctioneer and who had not even noticed that I had bid a dime. I kept out of it and left the field to her. She won out in the bidding, and we had a good-natured laugh over the matter afterwards.

So it went. We stayed till about three o'clock, when most of the household goods had been disposed of. The auctioneer did an excellent job for the Smiths. His occasional smile and a bit of banter with one or the other bidder kept the crowd in a good mood. The fact that some items brought more than the original retail price only indicated that war-time shortages were causing people to seek at sales what they could no longer buy in the stores.

We left for our cottage, agreed that the experience had been worthwhile. We had seen at first hand the American institution called a "public sale."

I could not readily obliterate from my mind two things. One was the sad look on the wan face of the housewife whose dreams of a happy married life had been so ruthlessly shattered after seven months by the war. The other was the fact that I saw no books among the effects of the family—no Bible, no hymnal. Had these been kept purposely by Mrs. Smith as precious treasures too dear to sell to strangers? Or was it actually a household that had none because they were not considered necessary? I preferred to believe that the former was the case.

The failure of a mission . . .

Wilson's Ideals . . . . and Versailles

By ARNOLD GUEBERT

IN an attempt to set the affairs of the world right after the first great war no less than five different peace treaties were drawn up. The most famous, of course, was the settlement with Germany, the so-called Treaty of Versailles. Perhaps no other document in all history has been so roundly denounced and the subject of such violent and sustained attacks as this one. In a way, this was to be expected, for the treaty did have serious shortcomings and it failed in its major objective: To preserve the peace of the world.

Oddly enough, however, many of the critics have failed to understand and properly evaluate some of the most fundamental principles upon which the treaties are based. Hence their criticism is too often misdirected. One of the most prevalent misconceptions, current especially in America, is that the peacemakers blandly repudiated the idealism of President Wilson as it had been outlined in the Fourteen Points. The argument runs something like this: The pronouncements of the American President were ethically on a high plane and looked to a peace of reconciliation. If these proposals had really formed the basis of the treaties, as they were intended, and as the Germans and others were led to believe, a just and durable peace would have resulted. As it was, Clemenceau and Lloyd George paid only lip service to Wilson's ideals and the latter did not cut much of a figure at Versailles. His published views served excellently as propaganda during the war; but at the Peace Conference his principles were brushed aside and the questions of the day were settled according to the age-old rule of power politics: To the victor belong the

spoils. Realism ruled the day. Thus the only chance for a just and durable peace was abandoned and the world drifted irrevocably toward the abyss of another and more horrible war.

What are the facts? How far can these charges be justified? It should be noted at the outset that the Treaty of Versailles was a compromise, as any agreement involving so many nations must always be. The victorious allies naturally had differing national viewpoints and interests, and hence some modification of the objectives each had in mind was inevitable. No one who has any understanding of the matter will attempt to defend everything in the treaty. Fear, greed, and revenge demanded their due at the peace table; and when one remembers that the discussions were conducted in an atmosphere reeking with war-time passions and hatreds this is not to be wondered at. Thus many of the provisions were too severe and served only to stir up new animosities and make the keeping of the peace more difficult.

However, this is not to say that the new, idealistic approach to settling the world's problems was abandoned and that the representative of American idealism accomplished nothing at the conference. Such a view is entirely one-sided. In spite of the cynical barbs of the Tiger of France and the opportunism of the doughty Welshman, Wilson was heard. His basic aims and ideas were by no means sacrificed. Indeed, it can be said that large sections of the treaty are permeated with Wilsonian principles. Ironically enough, some of the points based on these principles were precisely the ones whose implementation led to grave and lasting dangers to international understanding.

In discussing the question at issue it would be interesting to take up each of the Fourteen Points and see what its fate at Versailles was; but for our purposes it will suffice if we focus our attention upon the fundamental principles and ideals which guided the President as the architect of peace.

If the broader aspects of Wilson's policy are subjected to a careful analysis it will become clear that there were two leading ideas upon which he based his hope for a better world. The first of these was the principle of "racial and national self-determination," which in turn was based upon his fundamental democratic philosophy. Wilson was nothing if not an ardent apostle of democracy. When he said we were fighting the war to "make the world safe for democracy" he really meant it. It was therefore abhorrent to him that there should

be millions of people who were deprived of their civil rights and subject to foreign domination. All people, he felt, should have the liberty to decide for themselves what kind of government they should have and who their rulers should be. As a consequence, he proclaimed again and again in most eloquent terms that "the liberation of races striving for freedom" was one of the prime aims of the war.

Wilson advocated this so strongly, not only because it was the democratic way of doing things, but also because he considered it the only way to maintain peace. He wanted the peoples in the various territories to control their own affairs. Then they would feel their own worth and be content, with the result that misunderstanding, rivalry, and hatred, would disappear and a new world emerge.

It should be added that the pronouncements of the allied nations followed substantially the same lines. In the famous declaration of January, 1917, all the allies demanded "the reorganization of Europe, guaranteed by a stable settlement, based alike upon the principle of nationalities, on the right which all peoples, whether small or great, have to the enjoyment of full security and free economic development, and also upon territorial agreements and international arrangements so framed as to guarantee land and sea frontiers against unjust attacks." At the same time they disclaimed any intention "to seek the extermination or the political extinction of the Germanic peoples." Even earlier, at the beginning of the war, Prime Minister Asquith of England made the right of smaller nationalities one of the prominent objectives of the struggle and thus anticipated the idea of self-determination which Wilson considered one of the main props of a just and durable settlement.

Now, what happened to this principle at the Peace Conference? Admittedly it forms the basis of *eight* of the Fourteen Points. A mere glance at the post-war map will reveal that the frontiers drawn or endorsed at the Peace Conference came nearer to strictly national lines than Europe had ever known before. Something like 60,000,000 people changed their allegiance as a result of the treaties and six entirely new nations attained or regained their status as independent powers.

Anyone who follows the course of events at Versailles will see that Wilson fought zealously for this principle and usually won out. When Clemenceau, for example, fearing a resurgence of German power, demanded the left bank of the Rhine, it was Wilson who

opposed him successfully on the grounds that the territory was inhabited by Germans. A like fate awaited Orlando when he claimed Trieste and Fiume for Italy. Even though he threatened and finally did go home in a huff, Wilson would not yield.

Furthermore, the principle was applied not only in Europe but also in other parts of the world. The whole mandate system was based upon it, for it was designed to safeguard the rights and interests of colonial peoples. These were to be granted autonomy as soon as they reached political maturity. That this aim was seldom if ever carried out later on is no fault of the treaty. Even those groups who by force of circumstances were left under foreign domination, were not forgotten. Their rights were to be secured by the so-called Minorities Treaties. Thus there is no denying that the principle of self-determination played a major role at Versailles.

In maintaining this, however, we do not wish to say that the treaty-makers found a satisfactory solution of the territorial problem. For, sound as the principle may be in itself, it should never be carried too far. The simple fact is that clear-cut lines of nationality, which Wilson assumed, did not and do not exist in Europe. He himself had to admit that he was not informed about the true state of affairs. "When I gave utterance to these words," he said, "I did so without the knowledge that nationalities existed which are coming to us day after day." In the social and linguistic jigsaw that was the Europe of 1919 no one, even with the best intentions, could draw frontiers that would follow national lines. Some would always be on the wrong side of the border. Thus the doctrine, when carried into effect, involved its own violation. It also led to the setting of a number of very small nations which were condemned to economic impotency and hence remained sore spots on the body of Europe throughout the post-war era. We must not forget, either, that the Polish Corridor was the starting point of World War II.

Looking back, therefore, one is inclined to say that the Versailles Treaty should be criticized not so much because this fundamental principle of the President was disregarded but rather because it was applied far beyond what was practical and reasonable. The historian Gaythorne-Hardy is right when he says: "It is indeed arguable that the failure of the Peace Settlements resulted from too high rather than from too low an aim, from a tendency to insist on dogmatic principle to the neglect of the realities of the situation and

of the inevitable shortcomings of contemporary human nature . . . and that worse men might have drafted a more satisfactory treaty."

The other important and fundamental principle underlying Wilson's policy was that a world organization had to be called into being if the future peace of the world was to be maintained. His fourteenth point, therefore, reads: "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike." Through such a league Wilson hoped to introduce the rule of law into international affairs and thus secure the peace.

All will agree that President Wilson considered the creation of a League of Nations by far the prime purpose of the Peace Conference. Indeed, he called it the "most essential part of the Treaty," "the mandate of mankind" to all the delegates. At the very first session he declared: "If we (the members of the American delegation) return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this program (the League of Nations), we should return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow citizens. . . . They expect their leaders to speak, their representatives to be their servants. We have no choice but to obey their mandate. But it is with the greatest enthusiasm and pleasure that we accept that mandate." (Muzzey, *A History of Our Country,* page 116.)

His influence was strong enough at the beginning of the conference to secure the appointment by the Supreme Council of a commission of ten members to draft the covenant of the new League, which was to be "an integral part of the general treaty of peace, open to every civilized nation which could be relied upon to promote its objects."

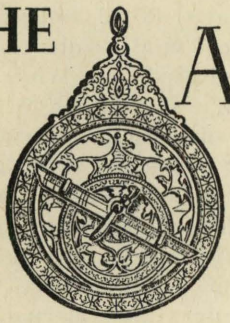
Wilson gave ground on many points, but he would not yield an inch so far as the League was concerned. Indeed, his concessions were made so that he might gain the support of other nations for his League. He was convinced, moreover, that the injustices of the Treaty could be resolved through the instrumentality of the League, for it contained provisions for the "reduction of armaments, guarantee of security for all nations, curbs or punishments for the aggressor nations," and above all "peaceful settlement of any dispute which might arise between nations."

The President was also sure that the American people would support him in his fight for the League. When he left for Paris the second time he said he was

going to tell the conference that "an overwhelming majority of the American people" favored the League. "When the treaty comes back," he added, "gentlemen of this side will find the Covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the Covenant that you cannot dissect it from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure." (Muzzey, p. 721.) Wilson misjudged the temper of his own countrymen, but the point here is that his idealism carried the day at Versailles. In spite of the indifference and opposition of many at the Conference he secured the adopting of the Covenant as the very first article of each of the five treaties and thus gained his point of making this document an "integral part" of the settlement. In a very real sense the League of Nations is his work and there can be no doubt that he considered it his greatest achievement. That his own country renounced his leadership was in no way due to a lack of effort or enthusiasm on the part of the President. The world knows that Woodrow Wilson sacrificed his life in the fight for his ideal.

The League failed and with it the whole "vital structure," as Wilson had predicted. Why? The breakdown was due not to a repudiation of Wilson at Versailles, but rather to the fact that success was based upon two vital assumptions, both of which failed to materialize—close American participation and the existence of a truly cooperative international spirit. If the United States had adopted a different attitude, who will say what the results might have been? But surely it ill behooves us in America to berate other nations for sabotaging American idealism at Versailles, when we ourselves were so engrossed in "getting back to normalcy" and in "avoiding entangling alliances" that we refused to accept the new world responsibility and failed to support the one great constructive idea that came out of the Peace Conference. Wilson himself would no doubt have said that his idealism suffered its greatest defeat not at Versailles but in America.

THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE GREAT SMOKIES REVISITED

This writing finds us in preparations for another trip to the Great Smokies. There are excellent roads in that direction and in the National Park, and the wonder is that so few Midwesterners find the way to the southern mountains. In a way, perfect roads detract something from the wildness of the scenery, and the CCC trails have spoiled many a glade or pinnacle. But the Smokies are still essentially the same inexorable mountains, still possessing the same mysterious quality, a magic kind of majesty, a brooding, almost sullen stillness, that has been broken only slightly and at the outer fringes.

About this time the rhododendrons will be in bloom on the slopes of the Blue Ridge and the Smokies. Ordinarily this blooming begins in late May at its lowest range, about 3000 feet above sea level and reaches its flowering peak about the middle of June. On the various trails on Mt. Le Conte there is a white rhododendron which blossoms later than the rose-purple some time in July. The azalea belongs in the same group of plants, and one variety, the fragrant whitish-pink species, the flame azalea, called wild honeysuckle by the mountain people, covers the hills in such incredible profusion that as one pioneer explorer said, "Suddenly opening into view from the dark shades we are alarmed with apprehension of the woods being set on fire."

But the Southern Appalachians are always beautiful.

All the beauty of the Appalachians is forest beauty; one feels it marching over the hills, filling the valleys, leaving nothing bleak,

nothing eroded, nothing arid. Everywhere the murmur of leaves, the trickling or the rushing of water; and overhead, the roar of the wild bees in the June blossoms of the sour gum tree and the chestnut.

The coolness and dampness are perpetual here where the clouds sweep so many days of the year, and this encourages a deep growth of moss and lichens that spread from root to root, that climb high up on the trunks and drip from every dead branch, so that the whole wood seems to be sorrowed over with these delicate growths which themselves conserve and intensify the moisture. Thus everything conspires to give these groves a look of old—of utmost and venerable antiquity.

The Southern Appalachians have an unusually large number of intensely fragrant flowers, of aromatic leaves and barks. It may be that the moisture of the air here, coupled with the warmth, helps to bring plant fragrances to our attention. Certain it is that from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, the very air and earth smell deliciously. Nor are all the odors due to the flowers. One must add the pervading aroma of sun-baked pine needles and the shade-steeped smell of ferns and lichens and fungi.

A botanical friend declares: "There are no more beautiful flowers than the many species of trillium found in the Appalachians, almost every one with a different and delicious fragrance, yet each unlike any odor in the world, so that there is no describing them to those who have never smelled them."

After an absence of a year, one feels that one must rest his eyes in the dim emerald naves of these templed woods; he must once more get the look and the feel of this eerie forest by heart, and revel again till he is satisfied in its *Waldeinsamkeit.*

NOTABLE INNS

There are some notable inns in this Appalachian wonderland. Directly south of the Great Smokies National Park there is the empire of the late Andrew Mellon, many thousands of acres owned by the Aluminum Company of America. They have thrown dams across rivers and have backed up the water to form lakes, some of them large bodies like Lake Santeetlah and Lake Cheoah. At the head of the last mentioned body of water there is a small hotel which was built by Mr. Mellon for himself and his Board members and construction engineers, while the industry was building its dams, bridges, highways, and, of course, the immense

aluminum factories in the valley of the Little Tennessee River. It is called Tapoco Inn. When I was there last, we were met by a giant negro footman, resplendent in gold buttons and an admiral's hat, who made you welcome as though you were a nephew of old Andy himself. The Inn is beautifully done in colonial style, the rooms most comfortably furnished, and the meals prepared by a superior chef. This glorious little hotel is placed in the middle of a wilderness in which there is no sign of any other habitation of man.

At the other end of the park, a few hours drive east, in the neighborhood of Asheville, is another famous hostelry, Grove Park Inn. It is not a very large concern, offering accommodations to a little more than 150 guests, but is all built of native rock, most of it of dark texture, its architecture of no special design, simply a great rock hewn edifice, with doors and windows marvelously proportioned to the material employed. The lintels of doors and windows are all huge monoliths, and the great lobby is designed along the same lines. The cheapest rooms are about twenty dollars a day, but this is American plan, and the meals are ample. Probably the most exclusive hotel in the United States, since it is the only one to which no visitors are admitted, even to the lobby, at certain hours of the day. Grove Park Inn is built against Sunset Mountain, in the midst of a beautiful park, and has its name from the builder, who is owner at the same time, Mr. Grove of St. Louis, manufacturer of Bromo-Quinine. My impressions of the place date from a meeting of the America Forward organization held at Asheville in 1936, when the city fathers accorded us a reception out at the inn one summer evening.

ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Down on the Santa Fe Trail, in the State of New Mexico, the seeker after exotic yet beautiful and comfortable hotels will find his search rewarded. I suppose the crown of them all is La Fonda in the city of Santa Fe. This, again, is not a very large hotel—it can have hardly more than a hundred guest rooms—but is unique in that it is the only first class hotel in the United States built in the pueblo Indian style. It is patterned after the great pueblos at Taos, in the same state. Of course, in a building merely constructed of adobe, you could not place heavy American furniture and other equipment, not to speak of pianos and office safes. So the frame work of La-Fonda is good structural steel, covered with concrete, but over all

this there is a hand-laid shell which simulates perfectly the irregular outlines of pueblo (adobe) architecture. There can be nothing like it in this wide world. A combination of pueblo and American gothic (off-set) architecture is the Franciscan in Albuquerque, but it lacks the unique spontaneity of conception which the builders were able to work into La-Fonda.

Everybody knows that Santa Fe is not reached by the Santa Fe Railroad. Lamy, some twenty miles to the south, is the railroad stop for the capital of the state. It is reached by bus from Sante Fe. At Lamy there is another altogether unusual place offering food and lodging to guests, the inn called El Ortiz. This was originally one of the Harvey restaurants, which dot the Southwest for the benefit of travelers on the overland trains, but around this restaurant a hotel has been built which is clearly the work of some designer who had no financial limitations upon the planning of an inn suitable for the traveler who is making a stop-over in the Southwestern desert. There are no habitations round about; Lamy is simply the restaurant and hotel which I am describing. Old Spanish ranch houses were broken up in order to furnish the timbers, others being supplied from the ruins of ancient churches in the pueblos, old iron was found in haciendas which date from early Spanish times, and much of the furniture is of the same origin. The rooms are laid out around a patio which is open to the sky, 16 rooms in all, giving room to probably 20 guests, and the cost of this little jewel in the desert was $100,000. The rooms are comfortable, the food excellent, and the rates are very low.

CLASS

There is more than one way of establishing the class of a hotel. If it has to be done by experience or trial and error, I offer you a very simple formula. If the bed linen is changed once a day, it is a first class hotel; if it is changed every second day, it is a second class hotel; if it is changed every third day, it is a third class hotel; if it is never changed, it is an Ozark hotel.

Class refers to clientele, service, and equipment. There are first class places which are very inconspicuous. They are all *clientele*, so much so that it almost requires quoting page and line of the social register before you can get in. *Service* means a floor clerk, direct bus to the air field, electric sweeper once a day, and a sufficiency of towels. *Equipment* means the building and its furni-

ture, mail chutes, telephone in each room, house telephones in the lobby and long distance booths with an attendant. It means at least three different dining rooms or restaurants, to constitute a hotel first class.

There are hundreds of first class hotels, roughly classified as business, society, and resort hotels. Put me down in any of the standard travelers' hotels and I will not be able to tell you whether it is one of the Statler Houses, or the Hotel Cleveland, the St. Paul Hotel or Nicollet, the St. George in Brooklyn, the Palmer House, the Jefferson—be it St. Louis or Richmond, Va.—the Cornhusker at Lincoln, or the Palace in San Francisco—they have a family resemblance which is bewildering. There is only one house in a class by itself—the Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati, with a lobby and main dining room which has not its equal anywhere, the last word in interior architecture of the business hotel type and the summit of achievement of the decorator.

I am not acquainted with the society hotel except by reputation, which seems to indicate that it is the kind of place where you don't get your money's worth. The first class business hotel is not expensive. An inside room with less convenient location can be had in these places for the price of the best rooms in a third rate hotel. All the expense of a sojourn away from home considered, it actually costs less money to stop at a fairly good place than to economize on the rate per room. But you don't give the bell boy fifty cents to show you to your room or spend a dollar for breakfast as you do in the hotel that caters to the 400.

HOSTELRIES SUPREME

Tarry with me another moment, for you would not wish to leave the subject of hotels without comparing notes with me on the resort hotel. I have not in mind, of course, the accommodations provided for us at the average resort, but I have in mind that institution which was first created when the Old Faithful Inn was built in Yellowstone National Park. That great caravanserai was the first of a great series of national park hotels which extend from the Grand Canyon in Arizona to British Columbia. In the United States these hotels are built by the government at scenic points in the Rockies, while in Canada it is the great railroad systems that have established the same kind of hotels for tourists in the Canadian Rockies.

The following is a list of these incomparable hostelries: Beginning in the south, the great hotel

on the Grand Canyon, which I know only by reputation. Then Old Faithful Inn, Canyon Inn; in Glacier National Park—Many Glaciers Hotel, Lake MacDonald Chalet; then on the Canadian border, but flying the Dominion flag, the Prince of Wales Hotel on Waterton Lake, followed by the hotels at Banff, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake Inn, and the Columbia Ice Fields Chalet.

These hotels, except the two chalets mentioned, are distinguished for size. Some have a capacity of six hundred to eight hundred guests, and are built of so-called rustic material, that is, of the native rock and native trees. Notable for the comfort of their rooms, and the excellency of their cuisine, each the work of a master architect, I suppose Banff Springs Hotel is the last word, both in beauty of design and in the comforts and conveniences provided for guests, while Lake Louise Chateau supplies a view from its dining room with which there is nothing comparable elsewhere.

All these hotels have been placed with exquisite design, their fronts facing some piece of scenery that is the despair of the landscape artist. At Old Faithful the view of the Great Geyser spouting every fifty-five minutes. At Many Glaciers a view of a wonderful lake with great mountain ranges beyond. The Prince of Wales Inn on the Canadian side is cunningly so placed that it hides the view of the long narrow Waterton Lake. But as you enter the hotel you have before you a lobby with its far wall constructed entirely of glass and supplying a magnificent view of the entire width and length of the lake. Also the hotel at Banff is so located that it encompasses the one fine view of that area, the only spot from which you see the two ridges that converge from the left and from the right, at the same time giving you a view down the Bow River Valley and the great Rockies beyond. The Chateau at Lake Louise is famous for the view from its dining room windows, showing Lake Louise with the great Victoria Glacier on the mountain range which closes the view to the far horizon. This is the only view in all the wide world that compares with the Koenigssee at Berchtesgaden, in upper Bavaria. A beautiful chalet is found, eighty miles in any direction from human habitation, at the Columbia Ice Fields, in Jasper National Park. It is the only place where I have seen guests at their breakfast get up between courses and walk to the window, in order to lose not one moment of that scenery.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings
[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Music is long-suffering. It must submit to much scuffing and kicking; it is manhandled day in and day out. Nevertheless, it is patient. It never whimpers; it never complains. Music always turns the other cheek.

I sometimes wonder what the tonal art would do if, by some miracle, it could strike back at those who punish it. What would happen to the piano-pounders, the fiddle-sawyers, the clarinet-squealers, the trombone-spitters, or the drum-maulers? What would be the lot of the stick-wavers who call themselves conductors? What would music do to those who sing like squeaking wheelbarrows, cracked shaving mugs, diabetic cows, or epileptic alligators? What kind of penance would it exact from many composers? How would the critics fare? And what, pray, would be the punishment meted out to some of those who try in the sweat of their brows to give philosophical definitions of music?

I am thinking of a definition proffered by a man who had numerous elements of genuine greatness in his mental make-up. His name was Thomas Carlyle. How did Carlyle attempt to define music? Well, he called it "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech that leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for moments gaze into it."

Poor, long-suffering music! Carlyle accuses it of being inarticulate. What is more, he declares that it is a kind of inarticulate *speech.*

I throw up my hands in abject ignorance. What does Carlyle mean? Maybe he hit upon an indisputably philosophical way of making a completely nebulous

statement. Many philosophers, you know, are addicted to such inarticulateness.

Let's submit to a test—just as music must submit to definitions.

Behind a screen a lowly Hottentot mother and a highly cultured woman from Boston are singing their babes to sleep. We hear them, but we do not see them. Furthermore, they are not singing *words;* they are merely *humming.* Can we be sure that they are actually singing *lullabies,* or is it possible that they may be crooning about the weather, about their husbands, about pimples on their noses, or about their favorite foods?

The screen is removed. Then, in a burst of omniscience, we exclaim, "We knew that they were crooning to their babes! Cradle songs are unmistakable in any man's language!"

It is the old, old story of Columbus and the egg.

Could anyone induce us to believe that the two women were actually chanting incantations for the purpose of removing pimples from their noses—even if the women themselves were to tell us with all the emphasis at their command that they were doing that very thing? Many of us would say no.

After the screen has been removed, the music is wonderfully articulate. Before that moment we could do no more than guess. Consequently, the music was temporarily inarticulate.

Maybe Carlyle had a similar situation in mind when he opined out of the depths of his philosophically inclined brainpan that music is a kind of inarticulate speech. But why did he fail to draw the other logical conclusion? Why did he neglect to think sharply and sagaciously enough to realize that when certain barriers are removed, music, which at times is inarticulate, suddenly becomes highly articulate?

Or did Carlyle believe, as I do, that it is utterly preposterous to maintain that lullabies are unmistakable in any man's language? I know that Chopin's *Berceuse* is a cradle song. Why? Because the title of the composition gives me the information. But would I recognize a Hottentot lullaby without further ado if there were nothing to tell me or to show me what it is? Would a North American Indian squaw carrying her papoose on her back use the same rhythm to coax the little one to dreamland which a Negro mammy would employ to rock her baby to sleep in a cradle? Evidently not.

Therefore, Mr. Carlyle, music is sometimes inarticulate and sometimes articulate. Your definition, like thousands of other definitions, does not walk on all fours. It is highly inarticulate. As a matter of

plain fact, it is nonsense pure and simple. You have spouted words, words, words.

Is Music Unfathomable?

Is the tonal art unfathomable? Carlyle thinks so.

I should be inclined to agree heart and soul with the renowned writer if he had said that the *skill* of some musicians and the *presumptuousness* of many others are unfathomable.

Let's consider Igor Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps.* If you are congenitally and temperamentally hostile to all attempts at idol-smashing in the domain of music, you will say at once, "That stuff is beyond me. I can't fathom it." If, however, you are willing to lend a sympathetic ear to those who have a fondness for kicking over the traces, you will try to learn why and how Stravinsky composed *Le Sacre du Printemps.* Well-equipped musicians will examine the harmonic texture which the composer has woven into the work. They will give heed to the contrapuntal devices employed in *Le Sacre du Printemps,* and they will pay close attention to its form and to its orchestration. They will gather as much information as possible concerning the story and the purpose behind the composition. Stravinsky himself, his credo in matters pertaining to the art of composition, and his fascinating career will pour much helpful knowledge into their inquiring minds.

Maybe some will continue to look upon *Le Sacre du Printemps* as a riddle wrapped in an enigma even after they have put forth every effort to understand it. To them the composition will remain unfathomable. On the other hand, the much-discussed work may disclose its secrets to many of those who try to learn why and how it came into being and what purpose it strives to serve. To them *Le Sacre du Printemps* is by no means unfathomable; to them it is no longer a book sealed, as it were, with seven seals.

So Mr. Carlyle's definition still limps. At times music is unfathomable; at times it is fathomable.

The queer definition goes on to say that the tonal art "leads us to the edge of the Infinite." What, pray, does Carlyle mean when he talks about "the Infinite"? I do not know, nor have I been able to determine, just where the *edge* of "the Infinite" is. Is it a place from which one can peer into a yawning abyss of darkness, or is it a spot from which one looks down into a marvelous realm of light? Or does music merely lead us to the edge of whatever or wherever "the Infinite" is and then say, "So far and no farther"?

No. Carlyle states explicitly and with praiseworthy articulateness

CRESSET PICTURES

Churches Along the Way

With the possibility of unrestricted travel upon us for the first time since 1941, there will undoubtedly be a great deal of traveling back and forth across the country during this summer. Most interesting among the landmarks that dot the countryside of America are some of its historic churches. If we begin in the East, we would undoubtedly be delighted to see the interior of St. Peters in Philadelphia, the same now as in the days when George and Martha Washington reverently worshiped there.

As we moved westward, we would discover the old stone Presbyterian Church near Lewisburg, West Virginia, which was elected just 150 years ago by sturdy pioneers striking out for the West.

Down in New Orleans one would find the Cathedral of St. Louis, begun as a little wooden church in 1723. It was followed by a brick church which was destroyed in the great fire of 1788. Six years later the present cathedral was dedicated as a gift of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas.

If you had turned northward instead of southward, you might have come upon the Old Mission Church in Mackinac Island, Michigan, built at the time when Mackinac actually rivaled Detroit as one of the chief towns of Michigan. It was built in 1783 and between 1837 and 1897 was without a minister or any kind of service. Summer visitors finally restored it to its use.

Way down on the other end of the continent would be found the churches of San Antonio. San Fernando is over two hundred years old and the Alamo dates back to 1757. This little church will be forever famous because of the stand made there in 1836 and the famous cry which carried the Texans to victory at San Jacinto and brought the Republic of Texas into existence.

North and west we come upon the beautiful church of Xavier del Bac near Tucson which was made forever famous by Willa Cather in her "Death Comes for the Archbishop." The church was begun about 1783 and is one of the richest examples of the Moorish style in America.

More churches in August.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

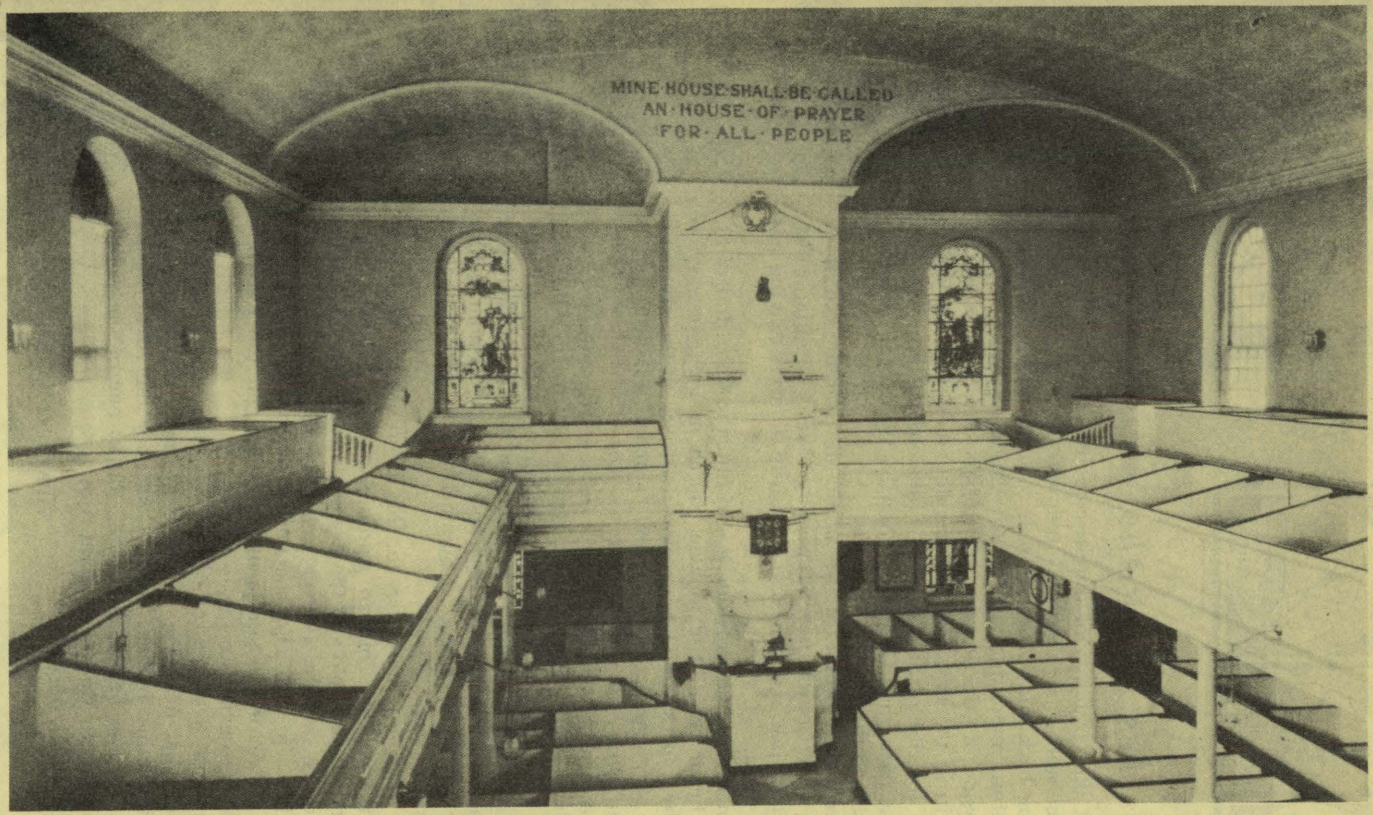


Photo by Ph. B. Wallace

Interior St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

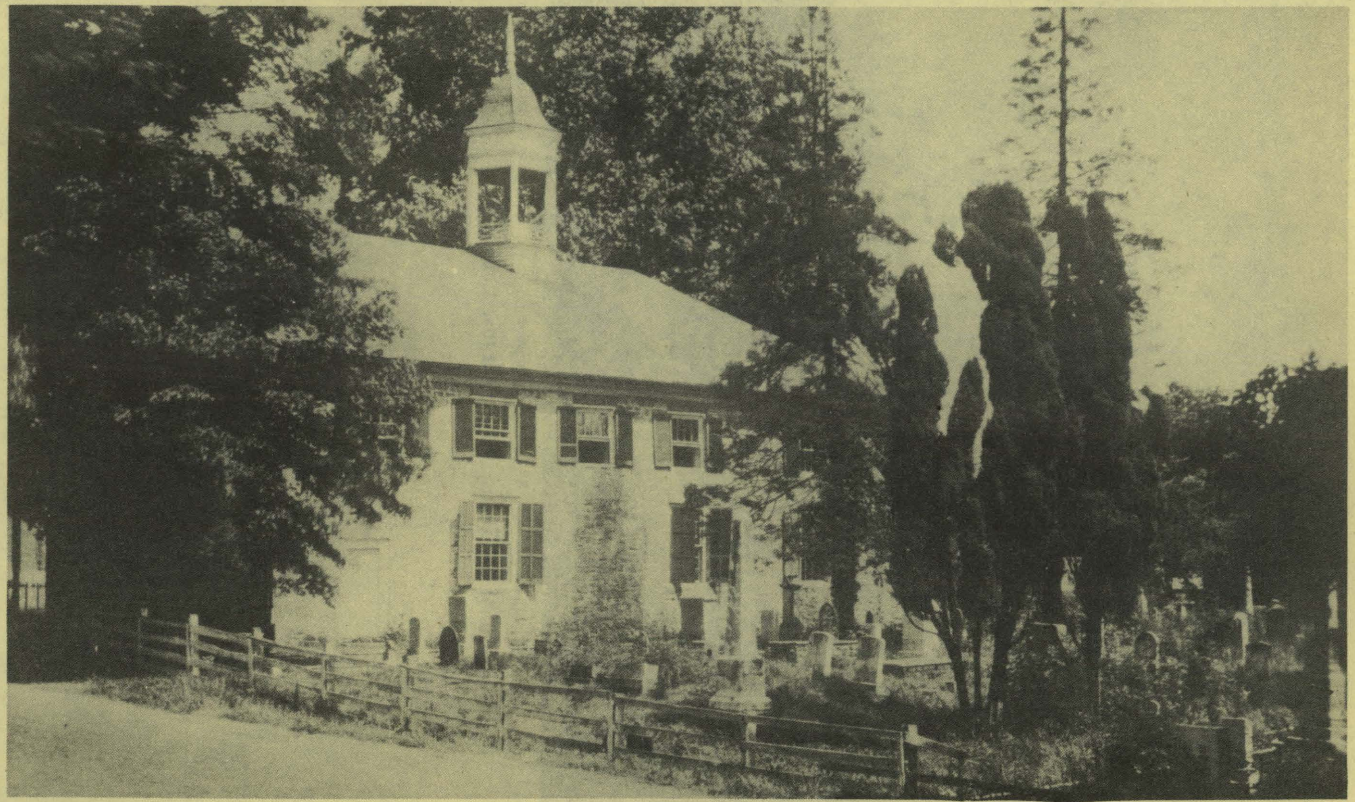


Photo courtesy West Virginia Dept. of Agriculture

Old Stone Presbyterian Church, Lewisburg, West Virginia

Photo courtesy New Orleans Association of Commerce

Cathedral of St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisiana

Old Mission Church, Mackinac Island, Michigan

Photo by Detroit Publishing Co

Photo by E. Raba

San Fernando Church, San Antonio, Texas

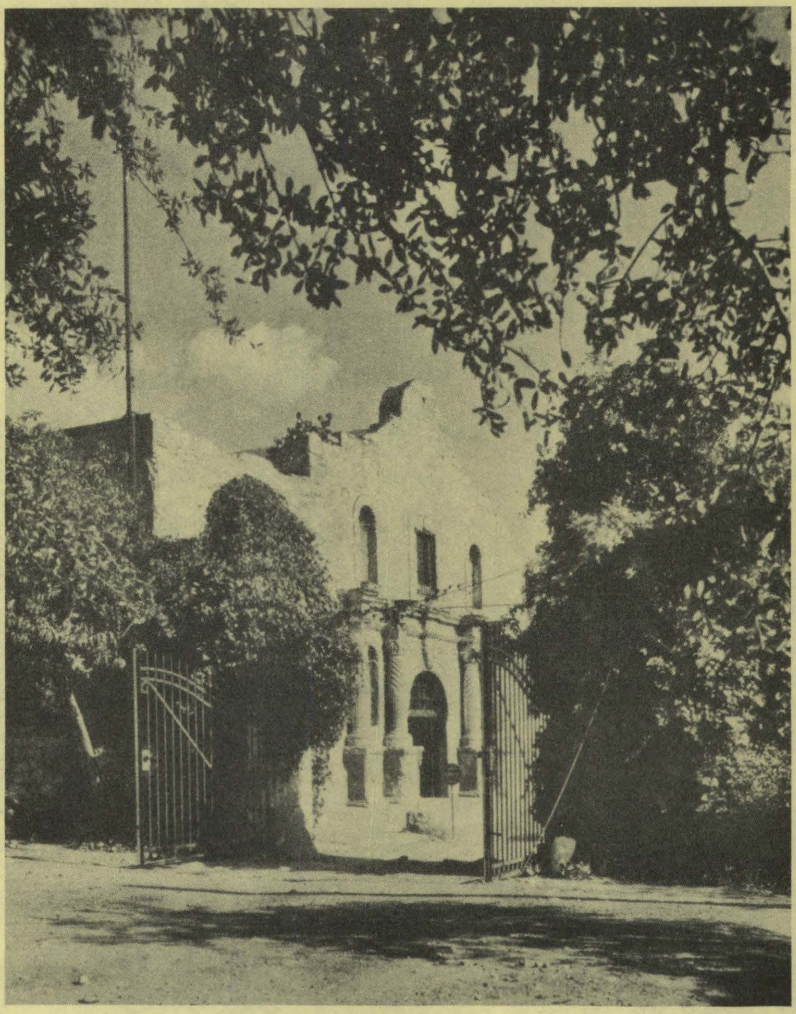


Photo by Harvey Patteson

The Alamo Chapel, San Antonio, Texas

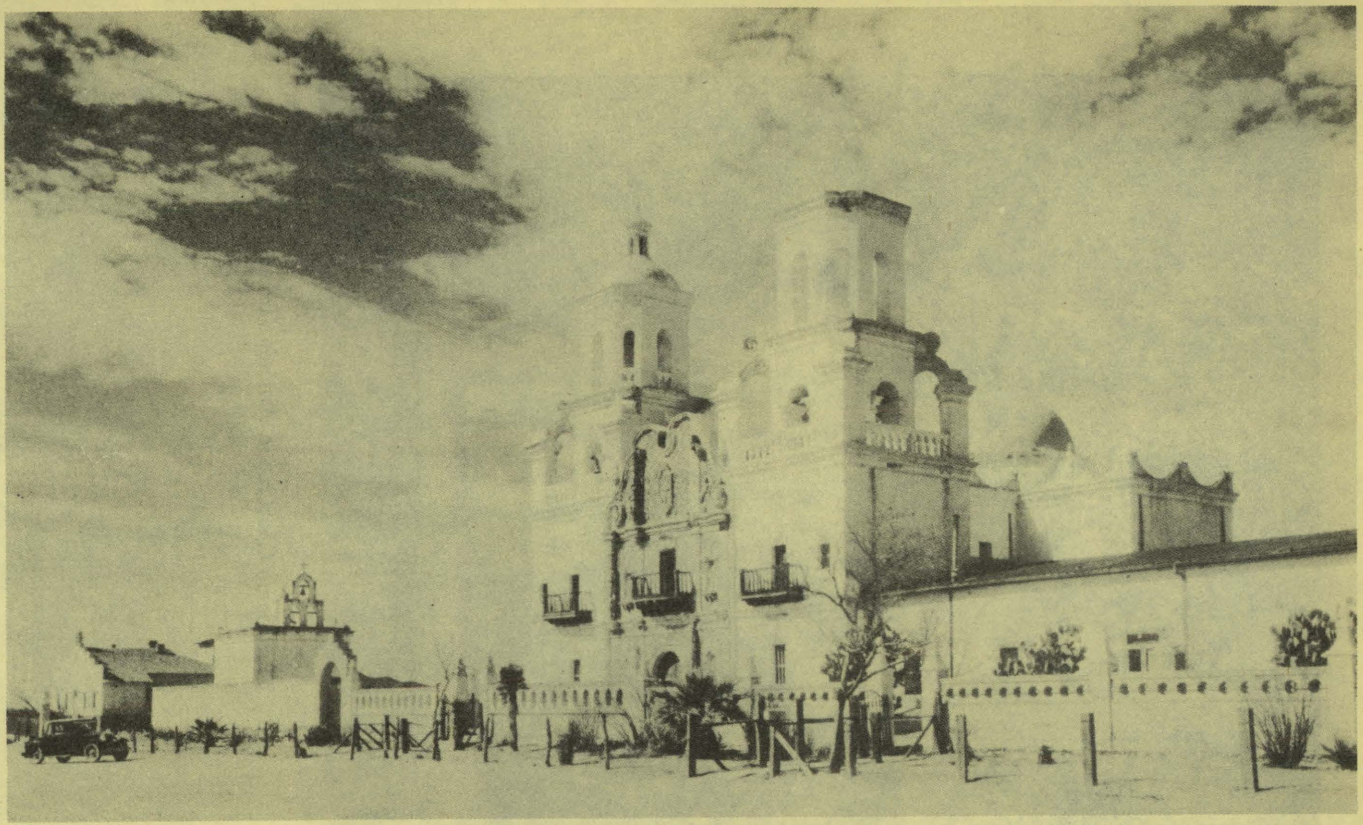


Photo by Campbell Studio

San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson, Arizona

that the tonal art "lets us for moments gaze into it."

Bear in mind, please, that music, according to Carlyle, does not permit us to indulge in a protracted look into "the Infinite." Our glimpses can be only momentary. We could not overdo the gazing even if we were inclined to do so. Whenever we linger at the edge of "the Infinite" for a particularly large eyeful, music—so Carlyle seems to imply—grabs us by the scruffs of our necks and says with blood in its eyes, "Cut it out! I'll stand for no monkey-shines!"

As a result, it is never possible for us actually to fathom "the Infinite" through music. Momentary glimpses do not suffice. Here I agree with Carlyle. Even though every little bit added to every little bit makes just a little bit more, the cumulative effect of all those little bits of gazing would never be potent enough to enable us to gain a comprehensive understanding of whatever Carlyle means when he talks so glibly and, if you please, so philosophically, about "the Infinite."

Is it proper to conclude that the famous man of letters seems to identify "the Infinite" with music? No. Nevertheless, to him both are unfathomable.

If Carlyle's attempt at a definition of music had the potency to lead any man, woman, or child to a higher or deeper enjoyment of the tonal art, it would be worth infinitely more than its weight in ink. But does it have that power? No. It accomplishes exactly nothing. We know no more about music after reading Carlyle's nebulous nonsense than we knew before his statement was brought to our attention.

Defining a Definition

♪ But hold on! To my present knowledge, one distinguished scholar has given us a definition, such as it is, of Carlyle's definition. His name is Percy A. Scholes. After telling us in *The Columbia History of Music Through Ear and Eye* that someone has called music "the romantic art," he quotes Carlyle's attempt at a definition and then goes on to say:

> To linger for a moment on the edge of the infinite is to experience the passing spell of romance; to dwell there is to live in the romantic spirit. It is hardly possible to imagine a better description than this of the romantic—on its more ideal side.
>
> And music does bring us to that edge and does "let us gaze" into what lies beyond. Freed from the other arts' rather cumbersome necessity of expressing themselves through physical shapes and colours, or by words representing definite thoughts, it directly arouses in us just the feeling of which Carlyle speaks—the feeling that we are glimpsing infinity.
>
> Perhaps *all* good music brings us to this "edge" and is so, in a degree, "romantic," but there are periods

when we more nearly approach the edge, when the romantic element is more openly and commonly evident than in other periods.

Has Mr. Scholes enlightened you?

Maybe I am singularly obtuse. At any rate, I find neither rhyme nor reason in Mr. Scholes' lucubration. The well-known Englishman proceeds to point out that although "there is design and there is emotion in all poetry and all music," those compositions in which the "emotional interest" is most prominent have a stronger tendency to lead us to the edge of "the Infinite" and to let us gaze for moments into it than those works in which the "constructional interest" is paramount.

If, therefore, I agree with men and women who maintain that in Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony,* for example, the "constitutional interest" overshadows the "emotional interest," I have far briefer glimpses of infinity when listening to it than when I hear Schumann's *Rhenish Symphony* or Schubert's *Unfinished.* But what if my slow power of perception prevents me from seeing eye to eye with Mr. Scholes? Then, ladies and gentlemen, I merely bask in the overwhelming beauty of marvelous music and let "the Infinite" take care of itself. Must I rack my brain about "the Infinite" when I am concentrating my attention on the *Jupiter Symphony* or on the *Unfinished?* No. I refuse to be distracted by being pushed to the edge of "the Infinite" to indulge in little snatches of peeking.

Let's go a step farther. There are those who declare that Bruno Walter has a tendency to "romanticize" Mozart when he conducts the great master's works, and there are those who assert that Arturo Toscanini does the very opposite when performing compositions from the pen of the man who wove melodies, harmonies, and contrapuntal devices with the amazing skill with which a spider spins its webs. Now do I learn more about "the Infinite" when I listen to Walter's reading of the *Jupiter Symphony* (Victor Album 584) than it is possible for me to absorb into my head when I come under the spell of Toscanini's exposition of the *Symphony No. 40, in G Minor* (Victor Album 631)? No. At least I have never had an experience of that nature. Must I try to have such an experience? No. I refuse point-blank. I look upon Walter as a great conductor, and I look upon Toscanini as a great conductor. Naturally, the former does not expound Mozart's music in exactly the same manner in which the latter sets it forth. To me the two recordings I have mentioned are treasures. I continue to learn much from them—much about *music.* I do not even

try to peer over the edge of "the Infinite" when I listen to the two symphonies. Neither do I at any time permit Carlyle's patently futile attempt at a definition of music to ruffle my feathers.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

KREISLER PROGRAM. *The Old Refrain, Miniature Viennese March, Rondino on a Theme by Beethoven, Midnight Bells* (Heuberger-Kreisler), *Londonderry Air,* and *Hungarian Rondo* (Haydn-Kreisler). Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and the Victor Symphony Orchestra under Donald Vorees.—The famous master of the violin is now seventy-one years old. He is no longer at his best. Nevertheless, it is a joy to listen to his playing even though one realizes that it is not what it used to be. Victor Album 1044. $3.15.

AARON COPLAND. *Appalachian Spring Suite.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—To my thinking, this is one of Mr. Copland's finest scores. It is superbly played and superbly recorded. Victor Album 1046. $4.20.

STRAUSS POLKAS. *Tik Tak Polka,* by Johann Strauss, Jr.; *Sans Souci Polka,* by Johann Strauss, Sr.; *Pizzicato Polka,* by Johann Straus, Jr., and Josef Strauss; *Leichtes Blut-Schnell Polka,* by Johann Strauss, Jr.; *Annen Polka,* by Johann Strauss, Jr.; *Bahn Frei-Polka,* by Eduard Strauss. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Rollicking performances of these fascinating tidbits. Victor Album 1049. $3.15.

RICHARD RODGERS. *Soliloquy,* from *Carousel.* James Melton, tenor, with the Victor Orchestra under David Broekman.—Admirers of the music written by the man who made *Oklahoma* tick will welcome this excellent recording. Victor disc 11-9116. $1.05.

FRANZ SCHUBERT. *Litany.* JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Come, Sweet Death.* William Primrose, violist, with Vernon de Tar at the organ.—Mr. Primrose plays masterfully. Victor disc 11-9117. $1.05.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Heaven and Hell

THE GREAT DIVORCE. By C. S. Lewis. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 133 pages. $1.50.

C. S. LEWIS won instant and favorable attention when his *Screwtape Letters* were published in 1943, for in them he dealt with issues of Christian faith and life in a fresh, frank, and arresting manner. Further products of his pen have appeared at short intervals. Here now is still another booklet.

The Great Divorce has nothing to do with the severance of marriage bonds. Its theme is that there can be no "marriage," no compromise of any kind, between Heaven and Hell. "If we insist on keeping Hell (or even earth) we shall not see Heaven; if we accept Heaven we shall not be able to retain even the smallest and most insignificant souvenir of Hell." This thought is developed and applied in the form of a dream, in which the author finds himself in a dim, dreary place which turns out to be hell and is presently transported with other shades to the purlieus of heaven. There some Bright Spirits try to induce various shades to give up the sinful preoccupations which have carried them to hell and to turn them to God instead, but their efforts are in almost every case futile.

Some of the situations that develop are not in harmony with the Scriptural delineation of the after life. Lewis is aware of this fact, for in the Preface he asks the reader "to remember that this is a fantasy" and declares that his presentation of transmortal conditions is "solely an imaginative supposal" and "not even a guess or a speculation of what may actually await us." The fact remains, nevertheless, that Lewis has inserted several unorthodox notions which were not forced on him by the literary device he had chosen.

In spite of this the booklet should prove both interesting and valuable to a Christian who is able to discriminate, for he will find in it remarkably keen and searching analyses in what might be called the field of the psychology of sin.

Unpleasant Stuff

THE SNAKE PIT. By Mary Jane Ward. Random House, New York. 1946. 278 pages. $2.50.

THE title of this novel is explained by a passage occurring in the book itself, which says: "Long ago they lowered insane persons into snake pits; they thought that an experience that might drive a sane person out of his wits might send an insane person back into sanity." The Snake Pit, in this case, is an insane asylum, and the "heroine" of the novel is a young woman who is confined there with some psychosis, the nature of which is not quite clear.

The story purports to be a description of the states of mind of the patient as these range at various times all the way from hallucination to full lucidity and of her experiences with other patients and with doctors and nurses. There are ups and downs in her condition until she is finally dismissed, seemingly for no particular reason but that the hospital sees a good chance to be rid of her. As she walks off at the end with her young husband, he is a worthy candidate for sympathy. We would not stake more than fifteen cents on the chance that his troubles are over. Possibly Mrs. Ward is already working on a sequel—"Snake Pit Revisited after Six Months" or something like that.

The story sounds realistic enough. The author is evidently possessed of considerable empathy for such things. But why anyone should want to write a book of this kind is beyond our comprehension; still more so, why the Book-of-the-Month Club chose it as one of its offerings. Was it because nothing better proved available? Or was it because those who select for the Club judged that the morbid, the pathological, carries a special appeal in these post-war days? That people of unstable mentality may be harmfully affected by this portrayal of the workings of a disordered mind seems not to have been considered.

There are disgusting passages in the book. Toilets, e. g., and what pertains to them are featured. The smell of "the ladies" in one of the wards is repeatedly emphasized. It preceded them, it appears, for quite a distance.

The author is not without literary talent, but it is to be hoped that she can find a more desirable vehicle for its further expression and that she will keep her coprological observations to herself.

Sub-continent

RESTLESS INDIA. By Lawrence K. Rosinger. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1946. 113 pages. $2.00.

LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER has been the Far Eastern expert of the Foreign Policy Association since 1942. Previously he served as assistant to Sirdar H. S. Malik, India Government Trade Commissioner in New York. In 1945, he participated in the Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Hot Springs, Virginia, which brought together delegates from a dozen countries, including China, Great Britain, France, India, the Netherlands, and the United States. Mr. Rosinger is the

author of *China's Wartime Politics: 1937-1944*, and *China's Crisis*. In addition to his frequent articles in the weekly Foreign Policy Bulletin, he has also written many Foreign Policy Reports, including "Breaking Up the Japanese Empire," "China as a Post-War Market," "Independence for Colonial Asia—The Cost to the Western World," and "France and the Future of Indo-China."

Americans have been thinking a lot about India of late. Many of them, however, know too little about that great land. They do, by and large, feel that India should have its independence. They do not always appreciate the problems and difficulties connected with Indian freedom from British domination. This book has been prepared for the purpose of making Americans better acquainted with the history of India, past and present; with that land's social and economic conditions; with its natural resources and agricultural possibilities; with its complicated governmental picture; and with the rather conglomerate racial mixture. The main chapter headings give an idea of the plan of the book: The Country and People; The Glory of Old India; The Indian Peasant; Modern Industry and City Life; Britain and India; How Is India Governed, etc.

The author's evident plan was to meet the intelligence level of the average man, so the chapters were kept short, the material set with many sub-headings; the necessary maps and diagrams are also there. The book, however, is no textbook on India, but it contains a very readable story of India and its people. He takes no sides, champions no causes, except what is for India's best interests as far as he can judge. We recommend it to all our readers.

The book closes with a documentary appendix, which includes the Cripps Proposals and the answer of the Indian Congress and the Moslem League; the Phillips Letters, Prime Minister Atlee's Statement of Policy, etc.

Famous Prisoner

GENERAL WAINWRIGHT'S STORY. Edited by Robert Considine. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. 1946. 314 pages. $3.00.

WHEN MacArthur, by order of the President, left Corregidor on his way to Australia, March 11, 1942, he placed General Wainwright in command of all troops on Luzon. The fighting on Bataan had then been going on for over two months, and the peninsula had become "a hopeless hell." It had to be surrendered on April 9. Corregidor held out twenty-seven days longer. Then Wainwright, who had in the meantime been given command of American forces in all the Philippines, was compelled to sign a general surrender. For three years, three months, and eighteen days after that he was a prisoner of the Japanese.

In this book Wainwright first outlines the military situation in the Philippines when war came and then describes the course of the events that followed during the hopeless struggle of our men against overwhelming odds. The outstanding historic fact that is brought home to the reader in

this part of the narrative is the almost unbelievable neglect of American interests in the Philippines by the men in Washington. Our military leaders in the islands had been left completely in the dark about the gravity of the situation and had been so poorly provided with equipment that our forces there were "one of the most helpless armies in the history of arms." Wainwright "pulls his punches" on this point, but the facts that he gives speak for themselves.

In the latter half of the book the author tells of his long captivity, during the course of which he was confined in seven different prison camps. Here the basic theme is given by the callous savagery with which the Japanese treated their prisoners. A concluding chapter dispassionately discusses the psychology of Japanese inhumanity, the chances of bringing about a change of attitude in them, and the need of preparedness in the future.

The first portion of the book is chiefly of historical, the latter of human, interest. How and to what extent Robert Considine edited the volume is not made clear.

Personal History

BURMA SURGEON RETURNS. By Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1946. 268 pages. $3.00.

THIS volume is published as a sequel to Burma Surgeon, which portrayed vividly the medical mission of this Baptist doctor and his flight with Gen. Stillwell into India. As a companion piece and follow-up, this account brings Dr. Seagrave and his Burma nurses back again to their familiar stamping grounds.

Beginning with the rebuilding of his unit in Assam, he sketches vividly the return trip as a hospital unit for the Chinese Army which helped to open the Ledo Road and drive the Japs out of Burma. As Dr. Seagrave himself frequently complains, this account is not a history of the military campaign, if for no other reason than that he as a surgeon was never informed of what was happening or what was planned.

It is rather a personal history of the unflagging devotion of doctors and nurses who labored under the most primitive circumstances to provide medical care for the wounded and diseased under the peculiar tropical conditions that prevailed. It is the personal history of a man who knew Burma and could interpret its people and its culture, not just from a scientific standpoint, but with real love and understanding.

Dr. Seagrave is no journalist. He is not a military tactician. He is not a political commentator. He is a doctor thrust into conflict by his profession and who, through it, had the good fortune of being able to serve in a theatre of war he understood and with the very personal and human prospect of a homecoming in which he could participate. These factors contribute a human interest element to his factual account that is brought to a vivid climax in the final chapter which depicts their homecoming.

There is no doubt that the history of this war would be multiplied end-

lessly if all phases of this global conflict could have as competent an observer as Dr. Seagrave was in this forgotten corner of the world at war. But it would also be immeasurably enriched, for *Burma Surgeon Returns* is not only history. It is literature, competently organized and attractively written. A number of maps and fine photographs enhance the value of the book.

Great Victorian

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. By the Kenyon Critics. New Directions Books, Norfolk, Connecticut. 1946. 137 pages. $1.50.

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

WHEN, in 1918, Robert Bridges finally published the poems which Gerard Manley Hopkins had bequeathed to his care, his friend had been dead 30 years. Before that time less than a dozen of his poems had appeared in print, and some of these had been senselessly altered. The 1918 publication, revealing a Victorian poet whose work not only was free from the insipidity that the postwar poets associated with Victorianism but in addition seemed vigorous and integrated to an extent seldom found caused Hopkins to be hailed as a new master and even as the greatest of the Victorian poets.

Since that time numerous studies have been made of Hopkins' poetry and of his life. This volume contains eight recent studies collected in celebration of Hopkins' centenary. In general they consider two main questions: To what extent was Hopkins a typical Victorian? and What is the relation of the form of his poetry to its thought? Both questions arise from a reactionary premise: that Hopkins was not so atypical as a man, a thinker, or a poet as was at first believed. On the whole this approach is salutary, for Hopkins' real points of individuality become clearer by being isolated. In the way of positive emphasis, on the other hand, the writers give considerable attention to the poet's Catholicism.

In his study of Hopkins' "sprung rhythm"—rhythm based on isochronous intervals between stressed syllables—Harold Whitehall comes to the conclusion that the poet's famous syntactical abbreviations and unusual word order resulted more from his desire to produce what seemed to him a significant sound effect than, as many critics have declared, from an attempt toward unusual directness of language. One might suppose, however, that with an amateur of music like Hopkins an attempt toward directness might use at once a type of rhythm that permitted linguistic directness and a type of syntax that permitted a more responsive rhythm.

In opposition to various critics Josephine Miles declares that while the dynamics of Hopkins' poetry is pecu-

liar to him, his choice and use of epithets place him in the tradition of painter-poets that includes Spenser, Milton, Keats, and Tennyson. Miss Miles demonstrates Hopkins' similarity to these poets, but she does not seem to give sufficient consideration to the proportion in his poetry between the factor of diction and other factors.

Hopkins' "sanctity" is emphasized by Robert Lowell and Austin Warren. The latter writes:

> My own conclusion is that Hopkins' constant tension, the desire to be an artist and the desire to be a saint, was necessary to his achievement as a poet. Had he written with the facility and fecundity of most Victorians (his friends included) he might have been as undistinguished.

At the Court of History

THE CASE AGAINST THE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS. By Robert H. Jackson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1946. 217 pages. $2.00.

THIS volume contains the opening statement of Robert H. Jackson, Representative and Chief of Counsel for the United States at the Nazi war crimes trial, held at Nuernberg, Germany.

Justice Jackson, taken from the Supreme Court bench by the President, in order to establish the first international court for the trial of war criminals, and chosen to represent the United States on the bench of this International Tribunal, has given the world in his opening statement a masterpiece of judicial literature. His words are carefully chosen and his style follows the best of American legal tradition. The first to speak in this new venture in judicial history, he traces the course of Nazi aggression that made such a court necessary. With calm, positive strokes he presents the thesis that the defendants on trial planned the lawlessness which marked the Nazi rise to power and the cruelty with which they maintained their control. The four counts for which the Nazi leaders and organizations were indicted—the Common Plan or Conspiracy, the Crimes against Peace, the War Crimes, and the Crimes against Humanity—are carefully set forth together with the legal aspects that define and limit the rights of both plaintiff and defendant. Here are no legal pyrotechnics, no fulsome flag-waving or star-spangled oratory, but the measured voice of justice supported by an overwhelming weight of testimony and the pleas of humanity, living and dead, calling not for revenge, but a simple justice, so often heretofore denied. This statement is a living document, displaying admirable restraint and employing a splendid logic, all absolute prerequisites for the explosive subject that it treats and the legal innovation which it introduces and defends.

The latter portion of the book includes the text of the Agreement by the Prosecuting Governments, the Charter of the International Military Tribunal and the complete text of the Tribunal Indictment, with Statements of Individual Responsibility and a Statement of Criminality of Groups and Organizations.

Gordon Dean of the Counsel for

the United States has written the preface which provides the historical setting for the documents published in this volume. Four illustrations show scenes taken at the site of these historic trials.

Jungle Tales

MANEATERS OF KUMAON. By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press, New York. 1946. 233 pages. $2.00.

IN this volume Jim Corbett, veteran jungle hunter of India, has gathered nine stories from the many which he helped to make while helping to rid the Kumaon Province of India of man-eating tigers and leopards. All except one of them has to do with these jungle scourges who kept thousands of helpless people in abject terror until the patient stalking of Jim Corbett set them free. The ninth story is a descriptive account of the wild natural beauty found in the hinterlands of India as observed by one whose practiced eye can see so much on every forest trail and tangled ridge and open glade.

Jim Corbett knows his subject. He knows India, its people, its flora and fauna. Drawing upon a lifetime of experience in this strange land, he has published a choice portion of his own history against the exciting background of big game hunting, not for sport, but for liberation. The honesty and simplicity of his account add greatly to the value of his writing. We would like to see other volumes from the pen of this interpreter of India's culture.

In fact, that unfulfilled promise is the one criticism we found in Jim Corbett's collection of stories. Repeatedly the author would refer to some intriguing detail and, when the reader's interest was sufficiently aroused, add that there was no room in the present volume for any elaboration. Since each of the nine stories was designed as complete in itself, there was also some unnecessary repetition.

Sir Maurice Hallett, Governor of the United Provinces, and Lord Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, add introductions to the author's preface. A number of photographs and a glossary of native terms complete the volume. The book is dedicated to "the gallant soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the United Nations, who during this war have lost their sight in the service of their country." Lord Linlithgow suggests that this dedication was prompted by the author's own great enjoyment of observations of wild life. All profits from the sale of the book are devoted to St. Dunstan's, the English rehabilitation institution for soldiers blinded through military service.

Dutch Literature

HARVEST OF THE LOWLANDS. An Anthology in English Translation of Creative Writing in the Dutch Language with a Historical Survey of the Literary Development. Compiled and Edited by J. Greshoff. Querido, New York. 1945. 621 pages. $5.00.

THIS remarkably inclusive anthology includes 43 prose selections under the following heads: The Renaissance of 1880, Revival in Flanders,

The Fulfillment, Two Flemish Masters (Van de Woestijne and Elsschot), The Generation of 1910, New Flemish Prose, Between the Two Wars, and The Dutch in the World. An appendix gives biographical notes on the various writers. In a long introduction Greshoff sketches the entire history of Netherlands literature; he attempts to show those contrasting elements in Netherlands civilization that crop out alternately. The introduction ends with a discussion of modern schools of writers who have grouped themselves around certain periodicals.

"On the Genius of Flanders," an essay by Marnix Gijsen (Jan-Albert Goris), a contemporary Flemish poet, is a good selection for the foreign reader to start with, although it comes in the center of the volume. Gijsen quotes Paul Valery's description of the Flemish character:

> This race, distinguished by a special alliance of impulsiveness and languor, of violent activity and a tendency toward contemplation, which is passionate and patient, sometimes sensual to the point of fury and again completely detached from the physical world, withdrawn within the mystic castles which the soul secretly builds upon the confines of intelligence and of night.

This description, Gijsen admits, might seem to apply to all human beings; he sees in it, however, a special application to the Flemish. Flanders is made up almost entirely of peasants and bourgeois, both living under low, cloudy skies that focus the attention, he believes, on material objects and on the factor of uncertainty in human life. Their chief desire, he finds, has been for comfort and stability. And he quotes a statement of Erasmus that there was nowhere else in Europe "as considerable a number of good average minds" as in Flanders.

The stories in the volume range through the various social classes, from continent to continent, and from realism to fantasy and surrealism. Walschap's "Peutrus" is a thoroughly realistic account of the village adventures of a rough, misunderstood Flemish boy. Teirlinck's "Little Cousin" is a bit of whimsy about a wealthy bourgeois' brief dream of romance. In "The Indonesian Child Grows Up Quickly," Du Perron tells of the haphazard education of a wealthy colonial child among the easy-going natives. Brulez' "The Eighth Voyage of Sinbad" is a satirical fantasy on the subject of planned societies. Vasalis' "Thunderstorm" is a comic account of two elderly eccentrics at a health resort in the Veldt. "The Jazz Player," by Roelants, is a semi-surrealistic story of a bored husband's attempt to find a form of mental medicine that will enable him to live sanely with his wife. Of particular interest to Americans is Gijsen's essay on America, entitled "What to Tell the Milkmaid."

Dreiser's Last Novel

THE BULWARK. By Theodore Dreiser. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 1946. 337 pages. $2.75.

FOR twenty years no Theodore Dreiser novel had rolled off the printing press until this March, when

The Bulwark made its appearance. Before he saw this book published, however, the author had died.

Today students of literature are debating whether Dreiser wrote *The Bulwark* within recent years or whether it was a 1916 creation which lay unpublished for 30 years. Whenever he wrote the novel, however, it certainly came at a time when the author was deeply involved with religious emotions.

In *The Bulwark* Dreiser bases his story on the not-so-new theme of fundamentalism vs. modernism. He presents his material in a matter-of-fact, unembellished manner, which is appealing and stimulating.

The fundamentalist is a rigid Quaker, Solon Barnes, who rears his five children according to his strict creed, which is lacking in genuine love. As often happens in life, the new generation revolts because they find the modern mode of living more attractive.

This revolt, which centers primarily in Solon's two youngest children, causes a series of heartaches and eventually results in his son Stewart's suicide. This great tragedy in turn causes the death of the mother.

But to Etta, the wayward daughter, the suicide brings home the realization of her sins and a return to the life which her father advocates. To the father these bleak incidents meant he had failed in his duty to his children.

Later Solon saw these events, however, as a lesson to him, for he says:

"Many things which I thought I understood, I did not understand at all. God has taught me humility—and in His loving charity, awakened me to many things that I had not seen before. One is the need of love toward all created things."

HERBERT STEINBACH

The Happy Warrior

AL SMITH, AMERICAN: An Informal Biography. By Frank Graham. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1945. 242 pages. $2.50.

FRANK GRAHAM, who did so well when he wrote the biographies of Lou Gehrig and Manager McGraw, has again presented a biographical sketch of another great American.

The book lays no claim to scholarship or exhaustive treatment; it is an "informal biography" chronicling the life of the "Happy Warrior" as he passed from newsboy, truck chaser, fish monger, clerk, process server, Assemblyman, and sheriff to Governor of the State of New York and Presidential candidate.

While Frank Graham is patently a champion of Al Smith, he does not hesitate to present some of the less favorable aspects of his character—his crude humor and his almost unflinching loyalty to a political machine. There was none of that laudable crusading spirit in Al Smith which was found in George Norris and old Bob LaFollette. Smith was loyal to his party and to the machine.

The bitter campaign of 1928 receives considerable space in the biography. The Roman Catholic issue which played such a prominent part in that campaign is presented inadequately. Smith was undoubtedly sincere when he repeatedly affirmed his

belief in the doctrine of the separation of church and state, but it is apparent that he was unable to discern the implications of the doctrine of the relation between church and state taught by the powerful religious group of which he was such a loyal member. Graham, therefore, is not quite fair when he intimates that only Ku Kluxers, fanatical Southern Baptists, and members of the Anti-Saloon League opposed the Democratic candidate in that campaign.

Every American, regardless of his political and religious affiliations, cannot but admire Al Smith. His extrovert personality, his pardonable pride in his humble origin, and the lack of cant and hyprocisy in his life endeared him to millions. His *credo* for public office, once delivered in a campaign speech, is the testimony of a brave soul:

> I know what is right. If I ever do anything that is wrong, it will not be because I do not know it to be so and you can mark it down as being wilful and deliberate and hold me to account for it.

American Poet

NO ARCH, NO TRIUMPH. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1945. 73 pages. $2.00.

> For world is a wedding whence shall issue forth
> The sons and metaphors of many marriages.

IN his latest volume of poems John Malcolm Brinnin affirms the persistence of the usual human problems in spite of the solutions which some persons expected from the war. For "the imperfect and the real" man there is "no arch, no triumph." There is, however, a glory in making brave attempts:

> . . . poised at the merciless cold hush
> Of dawn, the human will
> Rides into day, depressed and beautiful.

The confusions recorded in the poems are reconciled in an acceptance of life's multiplicity:

> But once to hear the melody
> Of life in its plurality
> Is to know the dialectic of the difficult.

United in the common "beating heart" of the world are persons as unlike as

> the excellent corrupt Marquis, the Saint
> With sparrows on his fingers, conquistadors
> To margins of the mind that blaze or clap
> The senses in a cold paralysis . . .

The disparity between actuality and man's ideals is another confusion, leaving "insatiable" those who long to find in the human spirit the perfections they easily encounter in material objects.

Brinnin's apprehension of these multiplicities leads him through various moods, from the heroic to satire. In one of his several poems that include pictures of the New England coast, he writes of the incongruities of gunnery practice:

> Shaking the smooth midsummery ocean,
> Invisible convulsions mumble in space
> Like answering Jehovah. . . .
> Carefully, though, the embarrassed gull rearranges
> His feathers and his nerves . . .

In "A Devotion for John Milton," Brinnin finds the moral confusion of modern man much more bewildering than anything the older poet was forced to cope with. The devotion ends with the wish:

Straight up, with chlorophyl and blood
to sense the way,
May purpose find its character against
this day.

Finally, after contemplating the tombs of those whom mankind has cherished, he declares:

The faith survives the failure, and we
love,
The pride is in the process, and we live.

No Time to Lose

IN THE NAME OF SANITY. By Raymond Swing. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1946. 116 pages. $1.00.

SHORTLY after the United States dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Raymond Swing, who comments on the news five times a week by way of the radio, decided to devote one broadcast out of every five to a discussion of the frightful power and the world-shaking implications of atomic energy. Twenty-two of his forthright and highly illuminating talks have now been published in the volume entitled *In the Name of Sanity.*

Mr. Swing has always clung steadfastly to the belief that as a news analyst he had no right to espouse any cause or to stand up for any doctrine in his radio talks. It was his business, he was convinced, to report and interpret important happenings as he saw and understood them. He realized, however, that with the unspeakable carnage and devastation which resulted from the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima "an era had ended and an era had begun." In the age which had come to an end there had been innumerable evidences of a pronounced propensity among the nations of the globe to undertake to settle differences by resorting to bloodshed and destruction. This tragic propensity had asserted itself with such steadily increasing vehemence that two world wars had broken out in the course of a single generation. The atomic bomb, concluded Mr. Swing, had enlarged the danger of wholesale slaughter to a degree utterly beyond the capabilities of human imagination. Therefore he decided that it was his bounden duty to be a crusader at least once every week against war.

What about the new era—the era which was ushered in by man's discovery that atomic fission had led to the unleashing of explosive power so tremendous and so terrible that in the future wars would be fought with far more butchery, with far less expense, in a far shorter space of time, and with far greater success than had ever before seemed possible? Did this discovery in itself indicate that danger of war had been either diminished or averted? Conversely, did a sober contemplation of history not prove beyond peradventure that the making of new weapons—weapons infinitely more frightening than any that had ever been devised before—had never stopped war? Would the atomic bomb be an exception?

On the basis of unimpeachable logic Mr. Swing concludes that "the danger from war in the atomic age is so very much greater than it was before last July that it must be explained and expounded if people are to take the necessary steps for their security."

But what steps can be taken to rid the world of the horrible danger of warfare so unspeakable in all its phases and so swift in its unimaginable destructiveness? Mr. Swing believes that the one and only positive answer to this vexing question lies in the establishment of a world-government. He decided to become a crusader for this cause. Now that the atomic age is upon us, he reasons, the U. N. is obsolete. It was brought into being in an era which is irretrievably gone. Those who gathered together at San Francisco to form the U. N. and to draw up its charter thought largely in terms of a past that enabled them to suspect, forecast, and attempt to forestall and rectify situations which, in all likelihood, would have a tendency to crop up and breed wars in the future. Some of them knew that scientists were busily at work trying to divide the atom for the purpose of constructing a new weapon of warfare; but that new weapon was not yet in existence when the San Francisco Conference was being held, and the individuals who took part in the deliberations of that gathering did not, and could not, foresee that not long after they had framed their charter there would be an explosion which, in the twinkling of an eye, would render the U. N. hopelessly obsolete.

In the new world-organization which Mr. Swing sees as the only effective way of preventing destruction as swift and as fantastic as it would be unspeakable nations must forswear unlimited sovereignty. Otherwise there is bound to be an armament race—a race which must needs culminate in war. The method of devising atomic bombs is no secret. It is true that, so far as is known, the United States is the only country in which the weapon has been successfully manufactured; but in a few short years other countries will have mastered the industrial problems connected with its production. What then? In that case dread infinitely greater than the fear which grips the world today as a direct result of what, sad to say, was done in Japan will flare up and haunt mankind. Then any aggressor nation which is tight-lipped enough and goes into action with sufficient speed will be able to gain its nefarious ends, not in months, weeks, or days but actually in minutes.

How shall the world-organization be constituted? Mr. Swing quotes Dr. Albert Einstein, who declared as long ago as 1905 that energy is the equivalent of mass multiplied by the square of the speed of light, as follows:

> The secret of the bomb should be committed to a World Government, and the United States should immediately announce its readiness to give it to a World Government. This government should be founded by the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain—the only three powers with great military strength. All three of them should commit to this World Government all of

their military strength. The fact that there are only three nations with great military power should make it easier rather than harder to establish such a government.

In the Name of Sanity is one of the most important books of recent months. Everyone should read it. Although Mr. Swing states in all ingenuousness that he had not been able to pass freshman mathematics, he gives much valuable information about the history of the atomic bomb, about its incalculable power, about the danger which it has brought into the world, and about the astonishing shortness of vision and the downright asininity which makes measures like the May-Johnson Bill ridiculous beyond description. The scientists who devised the bomb, he says, may not be well versed in the domains of politics and statecraft; but with respect to what is at stake now that atomic fission has become a grim reality they have shown far greater wisdom than most of the politicos and most of those who wear gold braid and brass hats. The scientists know that there is positively no defense against the atomic bomb. They are convinced that there must be world co-operation in order to prevent frightful wars from breaking out in the future. Maybe they differ in their views as to the precise method of such co-operation; but they are at one as to its absolute necessity.

It is true that recent speeches and actions at the meetings of the United Nations Security Council have caused thoughtful men and women everywhere to be dubious about the feasibility of a world-organization. It is equally true that there are on this planet some men who would not hesitate for even a fraction of a second to snuff out millions of lives by the use of atomic bombs if such an act could lead to the attainment of their selfish ends. But should a realization of these truths, no matter how keen it may be, prevent men and women who, like Mr. Swing, have vision and understanding, from warning the world and from suggesting a way to nullify the terrible danger? If those who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Swing have a better plan than his, let them spread it out before the world. Time is of the essence. The writer of this review, doubtful though he may be about the ultimate success of any world-organization, has nothing more tangible to propose than what is contained in Mr. Swing's book.

The Creator of atomic energy has thrown a fearful problem into the lap of the world—a problem which induces Christians everywhere to pray more fervently than ever before for divine guidance and for some effective means to curb the greed and the self-interest among nations which invariably manifest themselves in imperialism and in brow-beating tactics of one kind or another.

Fine Tribute

SOUL OF THE SEA. By Leonid Sobolev. Translated from the Russian by Nicholas Orloff. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. 1946. 352 pages. $3.00.

IN an order of the day issued by Peter the Great on the eve of the Battle of Poltava we find these stir-

ring words, "And know ye this of Peter—life is not dear to him, provided that Russia may live on!" The fighting spirit of the father of the Russian navy dominates the modern navy of the U.S.S.R. just as it dominated the old Tsarist navy through two eventful centuries. Nicholas Orloff, the translator of *Soul of the Sea,* tells us that the author, Leonid Sobolev, "is himself a living example of the link between the old Russian Navy of days past and the modern Red Navy of the Soviet Union."

Leonid Sobolev's father was an officer in the Imperial Army of Nicholas II. In 1916, when he was eighteen years old, Leonid entered the Nicholas Naval College to prepare himself for an officer's career in the Tsar's navy. By the time he was ready to be graduated, the revolution had swept away the old order of Tsarist autocracy. From 1919 to 1931 Sobolev served in the Red Navy, first as a commander and then successively as navigation officer of a destroyer, of a flotilla flagship, of a brigade of minesweepers, and finally of a first-class battleship. Thus he saw at first hand the reforging of the battered remnants of the Tsar's fleet into the beginnings of the powerful Red Navy.

During these years Sobolev developed a natural literary talent. His short stories, published in a Russian nautical magazine, met with immediate success. In 1931 he retired from active service in order to devote all his time to writing. The first volume of his novel, *Capital Repairs,* appeared in 1933. Six years later Sobolev was awarded the Order of the Badge of Honor for his outstanding literary achievements. He served as a war correspondent in the Russo-Finnish War. His experiences and observations were embodied in a book entitled *The Red-Banner Baltic Fleet,* which was published in 1940. Recalled to active duty, Sobolev served with distinction throughout World War II. He holds the Order of the Patriotic War, First Class, and several other citations, including medals for the Defense of Odessa and the Defense of Sevastopol. Some of the short stories and sketches written during this period were included in *Soul of the Sea,* which won the coveted Stalin Prize for Literature. This high honor carries with it a cash award of 50,000 rubles. In keeping with the Russian practice of presenting war equipment to the Soviet government, Sobolev used his entire prize money to buy, and to give to the Black Sea Fleet, a completely equipped PT boat, which he christened *Morskaya Dusha* ("Soul of the Sea").

Although *Soul of the Sea* is the correct literal translation of "Morskaya Dusha," the words have another colloquial meaning. In a foreword to one of the short stories included in *Soul of the Sea* Sobolev explains that

> *Morskaya Dusha,* that facetious and loving nickname bestowed on the Red sailor's jersey, which has been in use in the Russian Navy from time immemorial, has acquired a new significance in the present Great Patriotic War. . . . For since the days of the Civil War it has become a tradition with the Red Navy to send ashore all the sailors available when the situation at the front be-

comes desperate. . . . In the dusty trenches of Odessa, in the tall fir forests near Leningrad, in the snow around Moscow, in the oak scrub of Sevastopol's hills—everywhere I have seen the familiar blue and white stripes of the *Morskaya Dusha* peeping out from beneath (allegedly carelessly) turned-back collars of great coats, quilted snowsuits, fur coats or khaki blouses. It has become a tradition, an unwritten law, for our sailors to wear it beneath any uniform they may find themselves dressed in by the vagaries of war.

The short stories presented in *Soul of the Sea* are vividly and typically Russian in their humor, pathos, and drama. They portray something of the chaotic years of revolution and civil strife, the eras of planning and building, and the searing trial by iron and fire which the Russian people successfully weathered in the past quarter-century.

Catholic Anthology

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF CATHOLIC POETRY. Edited, with an Introduction by Alfred Noyes. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia & New York. 1946. 440 pages. $3.50.

THE principle of selection underlying this collection is not quite clear. One would assume from the title that it is an anthology of Roman Catholic poetry, and that is evidently what Mr. Noyes intended it to be. However, when he reaches back to the thirteenth century, three hundred years before the Reformation, he enters debatable territory, as many will hold that the European poets of that time belong to Western Christendom as such, since the strict line of demarcation between Protestants and Roman Catholics was not drawn until 1529-1530 at the earliest. There are some forty pages of poetry in this volume that antedates the Reformation. Then near the close of the collection are added sixty-eight pages of poetry, headed "Tributary Poems by Non-Catholics," which include such names as Edmund Spenser, Walter Scott, Shelley, Longfellow, Tennyson, Christina Rossetti, Shakespeare, Linda Voorhis, and Walter De La Mare. Furthermore, in the rest of the book, among poems by writers who were professed Romanists one finds translations of medieval poems, also not always by Roman Catholics, as, for instance, a portion of John Mason Neale's classical translation of Bernard of Morlas' *De Contemptu Mundi,* "The Celestial Country," Sir Walter Scott's version of Thomas de Celano's *Dies Irae,* and John Dryden's version of *Veni, Creator Spiritus.* There are other moot points, and Mr. Noyes is conscious of these, for in his preface, he defends his inclusion of poems by Ben Jonson and John Donne, by stating that they "were formally inducted into the Catholic body." On the inclusion of poems by the two Rossettis, he says, "Racially, and in other respects, they had Catholicism in their blood."—In short, all this adds up to creating confusion, even in the minds of discriminating readers.

As to the poems by Roman Catholic writers, it should be said that there is every evidence of careful selection by Mr. Noyes. He is a poet of talent himself and his editing shows that he can see true poetry in the works of

others. In many of the selections the distinctively Roman Catholic dogma is very evident. Others, the reader, not knowing the writer's religious connection, would judge as being Biblical and Christian, e. g., the quaint "A Christ-Cross Rhyme" by R. S. Hawker; or "Sorrow" by A. T. De Vere; or "The Folded Flock" by Wilfrid Meynell, or G. K. Chesterton's "A Christmas Carol," and many more, too numerous to mention in a brief review. Occasionally, one is disappointed. Jacopone Da Todi's "Stabat Mater" is generally recognized as one of the seven great poems of the Middle Ages, yet it is conspicuous by its absence.

All serious students of poetry will find this volume helpful indeed for arriving at an estimate of what Roman Catholics have done and are doing in contribution to this art.

"Thirty"

LAST CHAPTER. Ernie Pyle. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 1946. 150 pages. Illustrated. $2.50.

LIKE Will Rogers, Ernie Pyle has been taken to the heart of the American people. And for much the same reason. Both men were forthright and down to earth. They knew how to speak to America and what they said high and low, rich and poor listened to. In *This Is Your War* and in *Brave Men,* Ernie Pyle brought the late war home to the millions of Americans who had near and dear ones in the armed forces. They saw the blood, the grime, the strain, the danger their "boys" were exposed to through Ernie Pyle's eyes. They also saw the basic strength and sense of fair play and the wholeheartedness of the American fighters. They wept and chuckled with Ernie Pyle, and they also prayed.

In this volume we have Ernie's "last chapter." We see here what he wrote and thought during the last days. It is the same Ernie. There is no farewell here. He was simply doing his daily stint to keep the American people informed. He had been attached to the Navy early in 1945. He was in the Marianas first. Then he lived with the men who were flying the B-29's over Japan. Next he was on an aircraft carrier for the invasion of Okinawa. Finally, on Ie Shima he became the target of a Japanese bullet. He died on April 17, 1945. His sudden death shocked America as Will Rogers' had more than a decade ago. Both are deathless heroes of America.

The book has a sixteen-page picture section and an index of names and places.

Historical Sidelights

MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER. The Personal Diary of Captain Harry C. Butcher, Naval Aide to General Eisenhower. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1946. 912 pages. $5.00.

THE author, Harry C. Butcher, met the then Major Eisenhower in Washington in 1926 and became his close friend in subsequent years. At the time of the meeting, Butcher was managing editor of *The Fertilizer Review,* published by the National Fertilizer Association. He held this job

through 1929 and has not stopped hearing about it ever since. He got into it as a logical development of his graduation from Iowa State College in 1924 with a degree in Agricultural Journalism.

In 1929 Captain Butcher joined the Columbia Broadcasting System and opened its Washington office. When the war started in Europe in 1939, Butcher was commissioned as a Lt. Commander in the Naval Reserve. He was a vice-president of CBS at the time of his volunteering for enlistment in the Navy in 1942. Two months later, General Eisenhower requested his services as naval aide.

The diary's first entry was dated July 8, 1942; the last, Thursday, July 12, 1945. It is divided into seven parts. Part One: Preparation for Invasion. Part Two: The Invasion of North Africa. Part Three: The Conquest of Italy. Part Four: Overture to Liberation. Part Five: Cross-channel Invasion. Part Six: The Destruction of German Might. Part Seven: "This War Was a Holy War."

We are told by the author that General Eisenhower told him to keep a diary that was to be principally a catalogue showing dates, places, and reminders of interesting events, official and personal. When the diary took shape, it proved to be much more than that, especially because it represented Captain Butcher's viewpoint and not necessarily that of his famous chief. Consequently, in the publication of the diary, the manuscript was not read by the General, and the book is Captain Butcher's own responsibility. Eventually the diary reached about a million words. In editing it for book publication, it was cut down to about 640,000 words. The *Saturday Evening Post* published ten articles abstracted from it.

That the diary is a source-book on the history of the late war in the theaters covered by it, goes without saying and is true in a special degree of the human interest items that are woven into the fabric of the recorded events. The reader gets so many little sidelights that reveal the human nature of the individuals who enter upon the scene that he will often reconstruct his own mental images of them for better or for worse. He will also obtain a fair idea of the vast complexities of modern warfare, and the reader, as did the reviewer, will no doubt marvel again and again that the various battles and campaigns turned out as favorably for the Allies as they did.

Through the entire book, of course, runs the thread of General Eisenhower's part in the struggle. For the reviewer the diary helped to increase his admiration of the General, who unostentatiously, and with no sign of any swashbuckling leadership, brought the European phase of the war to a successful end.

Fears and Frustrations

WASTELAND. By Jo Sinclair. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1946. 321 pages. $2.50.

JAKE had come to the psychiatrist grudgingly and unwillingly. His tortured mind was filled with doubt and fear. He hated the very word "psychiatrist." Even in the secrecy of his mind Jake called him "the doc-

tor." Debby had tried to tell him that "psychiatrist" is a beautiful word. "It has the word soul in it," she explained. "Psyche means soul. That's beautiful, isn't it?" Jake would not permit himself to be convinced. "I looked it up in the dictionary," he told his sister, "treatment of diseases of the mind!"

Jake found that the new science of psychiatry had a great deal to do with him. At thirty-five he was groping blindly in the "wasteland" of hatred and fear in which he and his family lived. Until he was fourteen he had accepted his race, his family, and his environment without questioning. The annual Feast of the Passover had seemed to him to be a solemn and beautiful occasion. When he sat at the Seder table with his family, "in a dim, scarcely understood way, he felt himself a part of something universal, something strong and ageless." Then, when he was fourteen, a terrifying thing happened to him. It was the night of the first Seder. In keeping with Jewish custom, Jake, as the youngest son, had just "asked the questions." When he had finished, he looked around the table to see if his own awe and wonderment were reflected in the eyes of his family.

> It struck him with an appalling clarity that they had not been listening; it seemed to him that familiar and known masks had slipped from these faces and that now the bones and lines he had never seen before protruded in a terrible kind of sharpness. That was when the terrible doubt hit him across the heart with a sledge hammer.
>
> Suddenly, agonizingly, it seemed to him that he was trapped with that word Jew. Never before had he been conscious of being one or not being one. And now it was strange, now it was of terror and of trap. . . . He was a Jew, and it was something inside, in the blood and in the way one was born of Jews, in the bone and in the flesh, something one could not cut out of himself, or run away from.

For twenty years Jake tried to run away from himself; but with every passing year his wasteland grew, until at last the trap seemed to be closing on him. That was why he had finally agreed to consult the psychiatrist who had brought peace and understanding to his sister Deborah.

Wasteland relates in graphic detail the manner in which Jake, too, found release, contentment, a feeling of security, and a new sense of belonging. He learned to see "the larger ghettos of the world in relation to his own." He was no longer a slave to his own wasteland.

Wasteland, the Harper Prize Novel for 1946, is Jo Sinclair's first novel. Miss Sinclair was born in Brooklyn in 1914. She has lived most of her life in Cleveland, Ohio. Her parents immigrated to the United States from Europe, and her knowledge of hard work and poverty was acquired through personal experience. During the time in which she wrote her novel she lived on an allowance of ten dollars a week, contributed by a benefactor. *Wasteland* presents an engrossing psychological study of emotional frustrations and twisted and embittered domestic relationships. Although it is neither brilliant nor distinguished in form and style, it throbs with mature understanding.

From Defeat to Power

GERMANY TRIED DEMOCRACY: A Political History of the Reich from 1918 to 1933. By S. William Halperin. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1946. 567 pages. $3.75.

How will Germany fare during the next twenty-five years? Will there still be a Reich in 1971, or will the once powerful country which Hitler called the Third Reich be completely and irreparably torn asunder? Will parts of the land be bolshevized? Will there be republics in other parts?

No one can predict what will happen to vanquished Germany. After World War I many statesmen, politicians, historians, journalists, and run-of-the-mill human beings thought that it would be utterly impossible for the land ever again to emerge as a great power. Now hindsight tells them how wrong their conviction was.

This time, it is said, things must be different. Germany, we are told, will be perpetually squelched. No Hitlers will ever be permitted to rise up among her people.

If it is true that the only lesson history teaches us is embodied hook, line, and sinker in the statement that history actually teaches us no lessons at all, one must conclude that it is altogether futile to base one's guesses regarding Germany's future on what took place in that country between the years 1918 and 1933. If, however, one is convinced that history does teach us many an important lesson, it is entirely in order to assume that, in spite of Stalin and his communism and in spite of all the repressive policies pursued by the rest of the victors, Germany may once more win for herself a place of tremendous importance under the sun.

At all events, it is safe to take for granted that many Germans are hopeful—hopeful in spite of bitter defeat. They know even better than S. William Halperin what course and courses were taken between 1918 and 1933 to thwart the purposes of the Allies.

Germany Tried Democracy is a book of much significance. As a matter of fact, it is an exceedingly valuable work. The author has made an exhaustive study of trends, events, and schemes which brought Germany out of the morass of the defeat suffered in 1918 and elevated her once more to a position of strength and influence in the world.

From Mr. Halperin's detailed account of what happened in and to Germany during the twenty-five years which followed World War I it is clear that numerous citizens of the country were determined to strive for an eventual resurgence of the German might. It is true that a republic was established, and Mr. Halperin presents a vivid account of how that republic came into being and how it undertook to go about its business of governing; but from the very outset there were men who had made up their minds that the revivification of German power was infinitely more important than the success of a republican form of government. The author of *Germany Tried Democracy* declares:

Throughout the history of the repub

lic, the parties identified with the Weimar regime repeatedly assumed responsibility for unpopular decisions forced upon the country by the Allies. The opponents of the republic, on the other hand, were careful to have nothing to do with the making of such decisions. They posed as incorruptible patriots who refused to acquiesce in any tampering with German interests. As a consequence, they enjoyed enormous advantages in the give-and-take of propagandist warfare.

The Weimar constitution itself was by no means ideal. Mr. Halperin shows conclusively that "it had to be and was a compromise." Germany was "knee-deep in civil war" when the constitution was being drafted. "The Weimar document," says Mr. Halperin, "was . . . a hodge-podge of precepts drawn from the socialist and liberal credos. This confusion as to economic objectives and the unresolved conflict of class interests proved the Achilles' heel of German democracy."

In the end the constitution was thrown overboard, and the republic itself was shipwrecked. Hitler and his coadjutors brought about the collapse and the total disintegration of Germany's attempt at democracy; but it must be remembered that many influential persons in the land had this particular purpose in mind long before Hitler had the chance to thrust himself into popularity and power.

Germany Tried Democracy deals in detail with conditions in Germany at the conclusion of World War I, with the making of the peace, the founding of the republic, the start of the Hitler movement, the question of reparations, the Dawes Plan, the presidency of von Hindenburg, the Young Plan, and the eventual emergence of Hitler as absolute dictator. Those who are wondering how Germany will fare during the next quarter-century should read Mr. Halperin's book with much care and concentration.

Conflict

THE OTHER SIDE. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 134 pages. $1.75.

STORM JAMESON, who in private life is Mrs. Guy Chapman, of Leeds, England, explains her reasons for writing *The Other Side.* She says:

I left Wales in 1944 and went down to a friend's house on the south coast. I was there for D-day and the first flying bombs. It was when I was there, unable to write, that I had the idea of *The Other Side,* reading in some newspaper or other about a French girl in Normandy who had married a German soldier during the Occupation. I wondered what would be the fate and the state of mind of some young French woman who had married for love a German stationed in Normandy and been sent or taken by him to his family in Germany before D-day. Suppose he were killed when the English invaded and she were left alone in Germany with her German in-laws. She would be neither German nor French, she would be—in a special sense —stateless. Her German relations by marriage would not want her, her French countrymen would despise and hate her. Which country could she feel she belonged to? Had she committed a crime in marrying a German or only a serious mistake? Are there some mistakes which are really crimes against a human sense of decency? When I began to write the book, much later, I had begun to be even more interested in the mystery of the German character and the German

split-soul. But that is only touched on in *The Other Side*. It would need much more thought and a much longer book. Perhaps I shall write that book one day.

Miss Jameson has put her finger squarely on the weakness which makes *The Other Side* nothing more than high-class slick-paper fiction. The story of the young French girl Marie and the embittered members of her dead husband's aristocratic family is inextricably bound up with the German character and the German split-soul. It is not enough merely to "touch on" this tragic and involved subject; the matter demands deeper exploration and a more perceptive approach.

Light Reading

THE GAUNTLET. By James Street. Doubleday, Doran, & Co., Inc., New York. 1946. 311 pages. $2.75.

SUB-TITLED the story of a man who sought and found God, this is an interesting interpretation of a young Baptist minister and his struggles in Linden, Missouri. Some of its episodes reminded me of things written in Louis Tucker's recent book, *Clerical Errors*.

In the opening scenes we view student-minister London Wingo (named for his father's idol, Jack London) as candidate for Master of Theology. Soon we see him in his village parish, surrounded by almost proverbial rural characters who expect him to conform to their ideas and practices. How he and his wife Kathie, who is young, intelligent, and modern, meet the test engendered by their struggles to keep both their church and their spiritual integrity makes an interesting narrative. Whether the people or the pulpit will run the church precipitates a turbulent scene.

Wingo receives a vote of confidence and Kathie thereafter has a miscarriage from the nervous tension. This preacher grows cynical over the death of his wife ("Death is final. It is the servant of eternity."), for which he blames God. Seeking rest at his birthplace in Oklahoma, he finds God's mercy ("The grave is not the end. It is only a wayside rest on a long trail.") and willingly returns to his small charge in preference to the Kansas City congregation that had offered him a means of escape.

James Street, author of numerous novels and himself once a clergyman, here turns to serious fiction. He tinges the refreshing realism with gentle nostalgia (e.g., the birth of baby Paige, the family's arrival in the parsonage, etc.); but neither quality becomes truly significant in *The Gauntlet*.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH

By Garland Roark. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1946. 434 pages. $2.75.

HERE we have a novel which suffers acutely from an embarrassment of riches. *Wake of the Red Witch* is packed with exaggerated action, exaggerated characters, and exaggerated prose. To borrow one small purple patch, the book's "monotonous verbiage" tends to leave the reader "immunized to rhetoric." The fantastic and complicated plot spins like "a senseless hurricane." It dips and twists and swirls with frenzied rhythm around a cast of unsavory characters and around an equally unsavory story. The hero, Captain Ralls, is a veritable Paul Bunyan of the South Seas, and his ruthless antagonist, Mayrant Sidneye, the powerful head of the fabulous Batjak Ltd., is cast in the same heroic mold. The motivating force behind their blood feud is a fierce lust for weath, power, and revenge. This swashbuckling account of the voyages of the "Red Witch"—the strange ship with three separate, eventful lives—is overburdened with tales of savage cruelty, sadistic orgies, unbridled license, murder, leprosy, madness, and unrestrained romanticism. *Wake of the Red Witch,* a Literary Guild selection for April, is Garland Roark's first novel. It seems safe to predict that when and if Mr. Roark learns to prune, weed, and polish his literary outpourings, he should be able to turn out a first-class novel.

DIARY OF A KRIEGIE

By Edward W. Beattie, Jr. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, N. Y. 1946. 312 pages. $3.00.

EDWARD W. BEATTIE, JR., representing the United Press in the recent war in Europe, was captured by the Germans in September of 1944. He spent the next ten months as a prisoner of war *(Kriegsgefangener)* in German prison camps at Limburg, Berlin, and Luckenwalde.

While a prisoner of war he kept a diary. This diary, embellished by his recollections, is an entertaining account of his imprisonment. Never bit-

ter, never taking himself or his plight seriously, the author has written a chronicle of prisoner of war life among the Germans which will be read long after many of our dated war books have been discarded. He describes the food, or rather the lack of food which the "Kriegies" enjoyed. Admitting that sex is the primary topic of discussion in a G.I. barracks, the author asserts that sex does not even rate as a poor second to food as the constant topic of discussion among the prisoners of war. His treatment of the living conditions and his discussion of the breakdown of the morale of the German guards as the Russians and Americans advanced are presented by a man with a rare and unflagging sense of humor which makes his book entertaining and constructive.

A half hundred cartoons by the author furnish a pictorial commentary on the life of a "Kriegie."

COUNTRY HEART

By Isabel Dick. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1946. 376 pages. $2.75.

THIS is a simple, engaging tale of the far-off island of Tasmania. Isabel Dick's great-grandfather left England in 1822 to become one of the first settlers of Van Dieman's Land, as Tasmania was called at that time. Mrs. Dick has made an intensive study of her own family records and of the historical lore of the beautiful island which is her homeland. *Country Heart* is the second volume in a series of three novels planned by Mrs. Dick. The first volume, *Wild Orchard,* published in 1939, was a popular People's Book Club selection. Mrs. Dick is already at work on the concluding novel in her historical trilogy.

Country Heart is conventional and undistinguished in style. Nevertheless, the author writes with warmth, pride, and contagious enthusiasm of the land she loves and of the men and women who transformed a wilderness into an enchanting garden spot.

WESTERN WORLD

A Study of the Forces Shaping Our Time. By Royce Brier. Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York. 1946. 272 pages. $2.50.

IN the last several decades, strange unrest has been brushing man's soul. With civilization in travail even now, Mr. Brier of the *San Francisco Chronicle* does not actually answer the question whether our Western World has advanced or receded to its present position. He does show that after the latest war, as before, we have received only nepenthe and its consequences.

The eighteen chapters of this book by a Pulitzer Prize Winner tersely describe the status of today's world in the light of modern happenings and indicate the future prospect in terms that unfortunately remain very general. And so this book, a hypothesis, is an undertaking to synthesize what has gone before with what is here. I find the writer's effort unsatisfying.

Nationalism and internationalism, together with the urgent problems of food, machines, and trade are analyzed. Especially the German, Russian,

and Japanese people are inventoried. Both World Wars are studied in their political, social, and economic backgrounds. Civilization, defined as a living thing, is shown to be something consisting of a birth, a flowering, and a decline. When you finish the last chapter, you still wonder what phase is to follow our centuries of western development.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

LOVE HAS NO ALIBI

By Octavus Roy Cohen. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 209 pages. $2.00.

KIRK DOUGLAS was just an average, easy-going young fellow trying to get ahead in his profession, until $100,000 were deposited to his credit. That started it. And then an unknown blonde met her death in his apartment. The plot thickens still further when a beautiful heiress throws herself at Kirk, and it becomes distinctly unpleasant when a close friend is mysteriously shot at. It comes very definitely to a boil when it seems as though the life of Kirk's girl friend is threatened. All this, of course, is quite puzzling to a young architect, forced by these strange circumstances to play detective in order to clear his own name. After all, what would *you* do?

Octavus Roy Cohen, no newcomer to mystery fiction, has given us an entertaining day, filled with bright patter, a love interest without which no current "who-dunnit" seems to be complete, and a sufficiently perplexing plot. Any old hand at detective stories will remember not to suspect the obvious but we dare say *Love Has No Alibis* can still offer a few surprises.

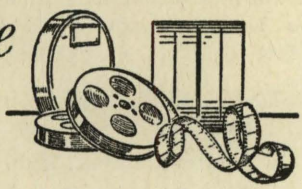
EISENHOWER, THE LIBERATOR

By Andre Maurois. Didier, Publishers, New York. 1945. 80 pages. $2.00.

THIS is another in a series of biographies written by Andre Maurois primarily for children. Written originally in French, the translation is by Eileen Lane Kinney. The illustrations are done in black and white and color by George Avison.

This brief biography of a great contemporary American, General Dwight Eisenhower, does not pretend to be an exhaustive account of his life and military triumphs. Very simply it traces his early life and then devotes itself to a sketch of the General's contribution to the United Nation's victory in World War II. Directed to a juvenile audience, it will find among them a ready audience. American children may be puzzled occasionally over references to St. Cyr (The French West Point) and certain notable French military leaders, which Gallic children would find perfectly plain.

In comparing this book with Maurois' *Franklin,* we feel that the latter was just a bit more effectively presented. The sketches in *Franklin* were considerably better than those illustrating *Eisenhower.* The paper binding indicates that the half-dollar extra spent for the cloth binding is well worth the expense.

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

HOLLYWOOD has been under attack so frequently and so steadily in recent months that one begins to hope that the powers that be may soon be forced to pause to take stock of the great motion-picture industry. The most recent onslaught appears in an article entitled "The Seven Pillars of Hollywood," which was published in the French weekly *La Bataille*. It was written by Emil Ludwig, the well-known biographer and onetime Hollywood scenarist. Mr. Ludwig charges that the motion-picture industry in the United States is at the mercy of inexpert and incompetent men—men whose standards become lower with each passing year. These men have not studied the theater, music, history, or even the films of their European competitors. "They rule with the power of wealth alone and push people of talent and knowledge to the wall." Under the spell of Hollywood razzle-dazzle once competent musicians and composers turn out works which are commonplace and inconsequential. "Hollywood is strewn with the corpses of artists. They died as traitors to their art." The noted author admits that there are a few fine directors in cinemaland, and he declares that cameramen have really learned their trade. Actors, however, "are nothing but amateurs. They lead the brilliant but short lives of dazzling butterflies and know absolutely nothing of metamorphosis, which is the very essence of the histrionic art."

Mr. Ludwig directs a sharp reproach at his erstwhile colleagues. Screenwriters, he opines, "are slim, athletic, dress in loud sweaters, change mistresses even more often than they do studios, and do everything possible to give the impression that they are wellsprings of creative imagination." The famous writer holds producers in equal contempt. He believes that they are totally lacking in

culture and completely bereft of knowledge and judgment. "They wax rich while contributing to the intellectual impoverishment of the nation."

Hollywood squirms and smarts under the stinging lash of Mr. Ludwig's words. Isn't it time to remedy the evils and shortcomings which have brought sharp censure from many sources?

A pleasing musical score composed by Albert Hay Malotte, bewitching forest scenes filmed in soft technicolor, and the inclusion in the cast of captivating birds and animals are combined to make *The Enchanted Forest* (P.R.C., Lew Landers) a delightful and appealing picture for children of all ages.

Although *The Bells of St. Mary's* (RKO-Radio, Leo McCarey) has many excellent qualities, it does not achieve the fine simplicity and the exemplary dignity of its Academy prize-winning predecessor, *Going My Way*. Bing Crosby plays the part of the trouble-shooting priest, Father O'Malley, with ingratiating artlessness, and Ingrid Bergman is well equipped to meet the extraordinarily heavy demands made by the role of the Mother Superior, Sister Mary Benedict. The plot is thin and hackneyed; it bears the "Made in Hollywood" stamp. The injection into the script—for the sake of a feeble attempt at comedy—of the name of the revered leader of another great church body is disappointing and deplorable. Motion-picture producers have a moral obligation to keep religious films on the highest possible level. In this land of religious liberty the screen should not be used to take potshots at any church body.

Saratoga Trunk, Warner Brothers' $2,000,000 adaptation of Edna Ferber's popular novel presents the versatile Miss Bergman in a role totally unlike the part she portrays in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. In *Saratoga Trunk* the famous Swedish actress has covered her blonde locks with a dark wig and has changed her sober nun's habit for the furbelows and fripperies of an immoral, coldly calculating Creole cocotte. Miss Ferber's lavish period piece is crammed with fast action, violence, gaudy pageantry, and an outsize portion of sordid boudoir scenes. The moral tone is regrettably low. Judicious pruning would have improved this overlong production.

Paulette Goddard, too, can be seen in two pictures at the present time. You can see her in *Kitty* (Paramount, Mitchell Leisen) or in *Diary of a Chambermaid* (United Artists, Jean Renoir) or—and this is the course I advise—you can just skip both pictures. To put it mildly, these films are dull and inartistic. The dialogue is decidedly off-color.

By far the best of the current spate of mystery melodramas is *The Spiral Staircase* (RKO-Radio, Robert Siodmak). Ethel Barrymore is superb as the domineering, bed-ridden mistress of a gloomy, gas-lit Victorian mansion. An excellent cast gives splendid support to Miss Barrymore, Director Siodmak's work is sure and shrewdly paced, and the period settings are authentic and highly effective.

Clifford Odet's excellent scenario, the competent acting of a star cast, and expert lighting and photography make *Deadline at Dawn,* a tautly entertaining mystery yarn.

The Sailor Takes a Wife (M-G-M, Richard Whorf) is the fast-moving, sentimental, and superficial story of young love and wartime romance. A routine plot is bolstered by broad humor and doubtful dialogue.

It has been estimated that more than eight million persons tune in Tom Breneman's "Breakfast in Hollywood" every morning. The film version of the popular air show depicts the events which occur in the course of one busy day in the Breneman restaurant. *Breakfast in Hollywood* (United Artists, Harold Schuster) is pleasant but undistinguished entertainment.

Gwen Bristow's anemic novel, *Tomorrow Is Forever,* is equally anemic as a celluloid tear-jerker. The best performance in this run-of-the-mill offering is that of Orson Welles, who portrays the crippled and disfigured German refugee with admirable restraint. The well-worn Enoch Arden theme on which Miss Bristow built her frail little tale plays itself out to an accompaniment of bathos, platitudes, and stylish chit-chat.

Abilene Town (United Artists) is a general rehash of the old and trite saga of the West. Cattle-rustlers, gamblers, and other bad men are, as always, outsmarted by a typical gun-totin', fist-fightin' town marshal. *Abilene Town* is long, loud, and lousy.

Ziegfeld Follies of 1946 (M-G-M, Vincente Minelli) doesn't overlook a single trick of the trade. A topnotch cast, recruited from filmland's great and near-great, disports itself against the most sumptuous set ever created on a Hollywood sound stage. A full dozen of splendid variety acts are held together by a sugary bit of whimsy.

So Goes My Love (Universal, Frank Ryan) was translated to the screen from *A Genius in the Family,* Hiram S. Maxim's nostalgic biography of his famous father, Hiram P. Maxim. Don Ameche creates the part of the inventor of the Maxim gun with reasonable success, and Myrna Loy's performance as the scientist's wife smacks of the Myrna Loy of earlier days. *So Goes My Love* moves smoothly

and quickly. It has an air of warmth and genuineness which goes far to offset minor flaws.

Gilda (Columbia) is a thoroughly preposterous concoction. Two long hours are required to set forth the sordid marital experiences of a feather-brained girl who marries (1) a megalomaniac and (2) a brutish, loutish soldier of fortune. This is Rita Hayworth's most conspicuous dud.

By way of pleasant contrast, *From This Day Forward* (RKO-Radio, John Berry) is a fresh and believable story of a personable young American couple in the period from 1937 down to postwar days. The acting is good; direction and photography excellent.

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The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
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FINAL NOTES

As preparations are being made for the long-deferred peace treaties—which will have such a profound effect on the shape of the postwar world—our major article for this month comes with particular timeliness. The author, Arnold Guebert, is professor of History and Political Science at Concordia College, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. He holds the master's degree from the University of Alberta.

Our Associate Editor, W. G. Polack, contributes another of his engaging vignettes of the current American scene. Our readers will find "A Public Sale" an interesting piece of Americana. Dr. Polack is professor of theology at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis. He has been a member of THE CRESSET staff since the beginning.

Since a strike in the printing industry forced the cancellation of our May issue, THE CRESSET will be issued each month through the summer. In previous years it has been our custom to omit the July number.

Guest reviewers in this issue include Herbert Steinbach *(The Bulwark)* and H. H. Umbach *(The Gauntlet* and *Western World)*. Both are of Valparaiso University.


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